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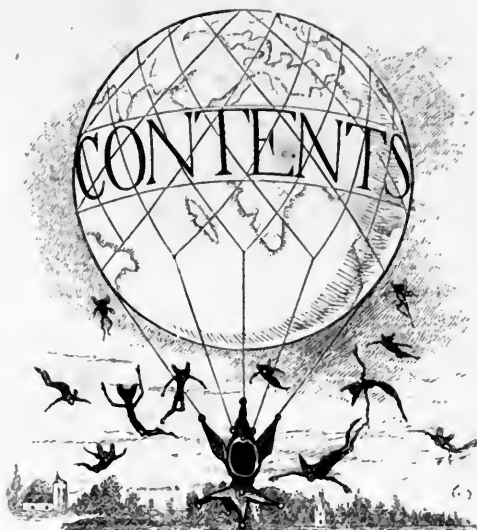


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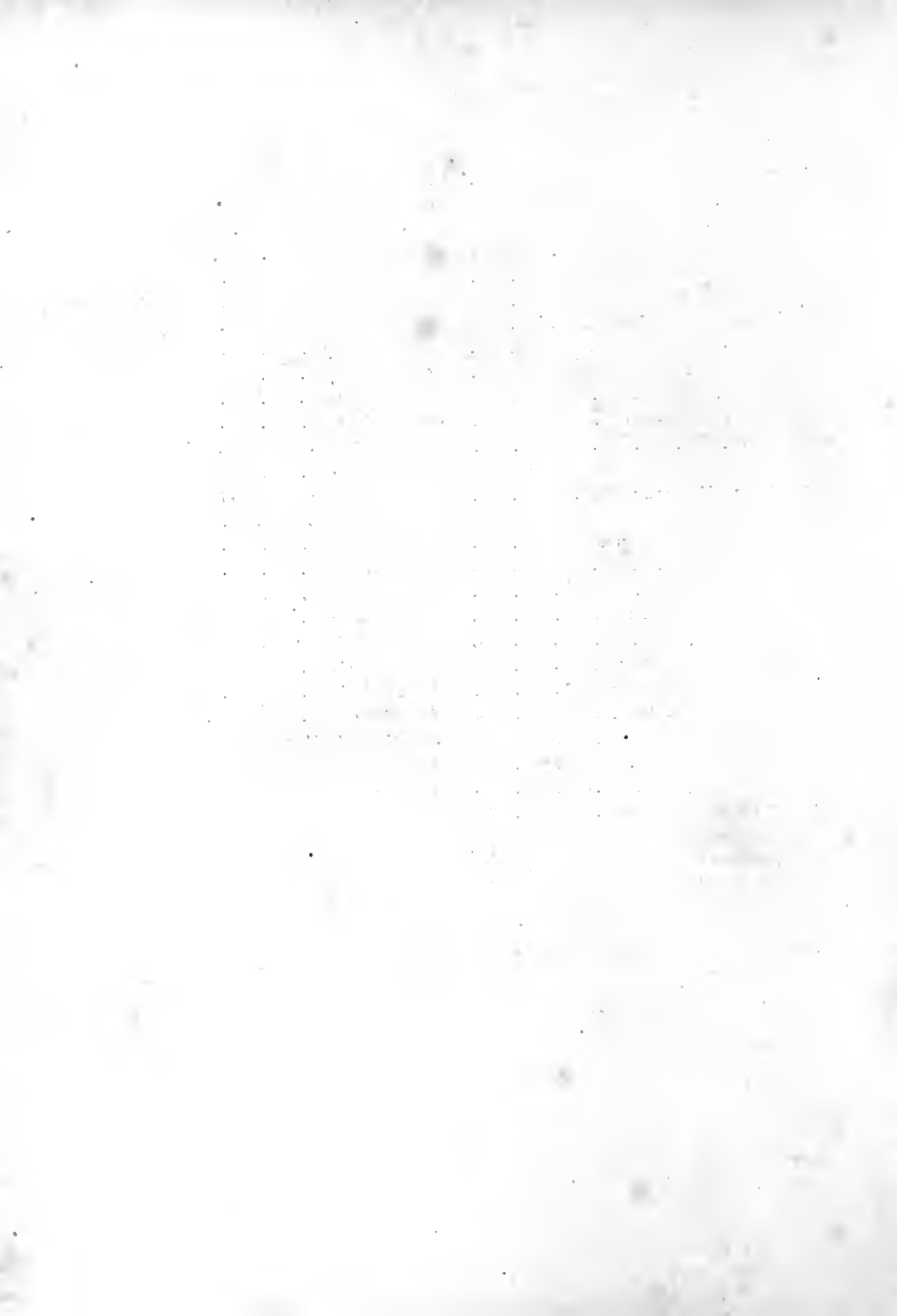
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THE MILLER OF TROMPINGTON.

GEOFFRY CHAUCER.

AT Trompington, not fer fro Cantebrigge,¹
 Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigge,
 Upon the whiche brook ther stont a melle :²
 And this is veray sothe, that I you telle.

A miller was ther dwelling many a day,
 As any peacock he was proude and gay :

¹ Cambridge.

² Stands a mill.

The Miller of Trompington.

Pipen he coude, and fishe, and nettes bete,
And turnen cuppes, and wrastlen wel, and shete.¹
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,
And of a swerd ful trencchant was the blade.
A joly popper bare he in his pouche ;
Ther n'as no man for peril dorst him touche.
A Shefeld thwitel² bare he in his hose.
Round was his face, and camuse³ was his nose.
As pilled as an ape was his skull.
He was a market-beter⁴ at the full.
Ther dorste no wight hond upon him legge,
That he ne swore he shuld anon abegge.

A thefe he was forsoth, of corn and mele,
And that a slie, and usant⁵ for to stele.
His name was hoten deinous Simekim.
A wyf he hadde, comen of noble kin.

Gret soken⁶ hath this miller out of doute
With whete and malt, of all the land aboute ;
And namely ther was a gret college
Men clepe⁷ the Soler hall at Cantebregge,
Ther was hir whete and eke hir malt yground.
And on a day it happed in a stound,⁸
Sike lay the manciple⁹ on a maladic,
Men wenden wisly that he shulde die.
For which this miller stale both mele and corn
An hundred times more than befor.
For therbeforn he stale but eurtseisly,
But now he was a thefe outrageously.
For which the werdein¹⁰ chidde and made fare,
But therof set the miller not a tare ;
He craked bost, and swore it n'as not so.

Than were ther yonge poure secleres two,
That dwelten in the halle of which I say ;
Testif they were, and lusty for to play ;

¹ Shoot.

² Knife.

³ Flat.

⁴ Market-swaggerer.

⁵ Accustomed.

⁶ Pillage.

⁷ Called.

⁸ Suddenly.

⁹ Caterer.

¹⁰ Warden.

The Miller of Trompington.

And only for hir mirth and revelrie
Upon the wardein besily they erie,
To yeve hem leve but a litel stound,
To gon to mille, and seen hir¹¹ corn yground :
And hardily they dorsten lay hir necke,
The miller shuld not stele hem half a pecke
Of corn by sleighte, ne by force hem reve.

And at the last the wardein yave hem leve :
John highte that on, and Alein highte that ȝther,
Of o toun were they born, that highte Strother,
Fer in the North, I can not tellen where.

This Alein maketh redy all his gere,
And on a hors the sack he cast anon :
Forth goth Alein the clerke, and also John,
With good swerd and with bokeler by hir side.
John knew the way, him neded not no guide,
And at the mille the sak adoun he laith.

Alein spake first ; All haile, Simond, in faith,
How fares thy faire doughter, and thy wif ?

Alein, welcome (quod Simkin) by my lif,
And John also : how now, what do ye here ?
By God, Simond, (quod John) nede has no pere.
Him behoves serve himself that has na swain,
Or elles he is a fool, as clerkes sain.
Our maneciple I hope he wol be ded,
Swa werkes ay the wanges¹² in his hed :
And therfore is I come, and eke Alein,
To grind our corn and eary it hame agein :
I pray you spede us henen that ye may.

It shal be don (quod Simkin) by my fay.
What wol ye don while that it is in hand ?
By God, right by the hopper wol I stand,
(Quod John) and seen how that the corn gas in.
Yet saw I never by my fader kin,
How that the hopper wagges til and fra.

Alein answered ; John, and wolt thou swa ?

¹¹ Their.

¹² Teeth.

The Miller of Trompington.

Than wol I be benethe by my croun,
And see how that the mele falles adoun



In til the trogh, that shall be my disport :
For, John, in faith I may ben of your sort ;

The Miller of Trompington.

I is as ill a miller as is ye.

This miller smiled at hir nicetee,
And thought, all this n'is don but for a wile.
They wenen¹ that no man may hem begile,
But by my thrift yet shal I blere hir eie,
For all the sleighte in hir philosophie.
The more queinte knakkes that they make,
The more wol I stele whan that I take.
In stede of flour yet wol I yeve hem bren.
The gretest clerkes ben not the wisest men,
As whilom to the wolf thus spake the mare :
Of all hir art ne count I not a tare.

Out at the dore he goth ful prively,
Whan that he saw his time, softly.
He loketh up and down, til he hath found
The clerkes hors, thier as he stood ybound
Behind the mille, under a levesell ;²
And to the hors he goth him faire and well,
And stripeth of the bridel right anon.

And whan the hors was laus, he gan to gon
Toward the fen, ther wilde mares renne,
And forth, with wehee, thurgh thick and thinne.
This miller goth again, no word he said,
But doth his note, and with these clerkes plaid,
Till that hir corn was faire and wel yground.
And whan the mele is sacked and ybound,
This John goth out, and fint his hors away,
And gan to erie, harow and wala wa !
Our hors is lost : Alein, for Goddes banes,
Step on thy feet ; come of, man, al at anes :
Alas ! our wardein has his palfrey lorn.

This Alein al forgat both mele and corn ;
Al was out of his mind his husbandrie :
What, whilke way is he gon ? he gan to erie.

The wif came leping inward at a renne,
She sayd ; Alas ! youre hors goth to the fenne

¹ Suppose.

² Arbour.

The Miller of Trompington.

With wilde mares, as fast as he may go.
Unthank come on his hand that bond him so,
And he that better shuld have knit the rein.

Alas ! (quod John) Alein, for Cristes pein
Lay down thy swerd, and I shal min alsua.
I is ful wight, God wate, as is a ra.¹
By Goddes saule he shal not scape us bathe.
Why ne had thou put the capel in the lathe ?
Ill haile, Alein, by God thou is a fonne.

These sely clerkes han ful fast yronne
Toward the fen, bothe Alein and eke John :
And whan the miller saw that they were gon,
He half a bushel of hir flour hath take,
And bad his wif go knede it in a cake.
He sayd ; I trow, the clerkes were aferde,
Yet can a miller make a clerkes berde,²
For all his art. Ye, let hem gon hir way.
Lo wher they gon. Ye, let the children play :
They get him not so lightly by my croun.

These sely clerkes rennen up and down
With kepe, kepe ; stand, stand ; jossa, warderere.
Ga whistle thou, and I shal kepe him here.
But shortly, til that it was veray night
They coude not, though they did all hir might,
Hir capel catch, he ran alway so fast :
Til in a diehe they caught him at the last.

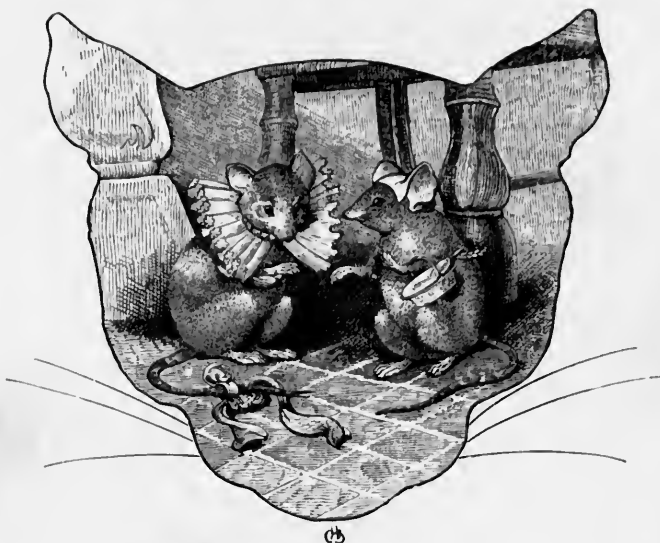
Wery and wet, as bestes in the rain,
Cometh sely John, and with him cometh Alein.
Alas (quod John) the day that I was borne !
Now are we driven til hething³ and til scorne.
Our corn is stolne, men wol us fonnes⁴ calle,
Both the wardein, and eke our felawes alle.

¹ Roe.

² "Share," cant for to cheat.

³ Contempt.

⁴ Fools.



POOR AND SURE.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.¹

MY mothers maides when they do sowe and spinne,
 They sing a song made of a feldishe mouse:²
 That for bicause her lienlod³ was but thinne,
 Would nedes go see her townish sisters house.

She thought herself endure to greuous paine,
 The stormy blastes her caue⁴ so sore did sowse ;
 That when the furrowse swimm'd with the raine,
 She must lye colde, and wet in sorry plight ;
 And worse then that, bare meate there did remaine,
 To comfort her, when she her house had dight.

¹ Of Allington Castle, Kent; born 1503. Wyatt was a boon companion of Henry the Eighth. He died in 1541.

² Field-mouse.

³ Livelihood.

⁴ Cave.

Poor and Sure.

Some time a barley corne, sometime a beane,
For which she laboured hard both day and night.
In haruest time, while she might go and gleane,
And when her store was 'stroyed with the floode,
Then welaway for she undone was elene :
Then was she faine to take, instede of food
Slepe if she might, her hunger to begile.

My sister, quod she, hath a liuing good,
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile ;
In colde and storme, she lyeth warne and drye
In bed of downe ; the durt doth not defile
Her tender fote, she labours not as I.
Richely she fedes, and at the riche man's cost,
And for her meate she nedes not craue nor cry ;
By sea, by land, of delicates the most
Her cater sekcs, and spareth for no perell :
She fedes on boyle meate, bake meat, and rost,
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell.
And when she list, the licour of the grape
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell,
And at this iourney makes she but a iape.⁵

So forth she goes, trusting of all thys wealth,
With her sister her part so for to shape,
That, if she might there kepe herself in health,
To liue a lady while her life doth last.

And to the dore now is she come by stealth,
And with her foote anone she scrapes full fast.
Thother for feare durst not well scarce appeare ;
Of euery noyse so was the wretch agast.

At last, she asked softly who was there ?
And in her language as well as she could,

" Pepe" (quod the other) " sister, I am here."

" Peace" (quod the towne mouse) " why speakest thou so loude ?"

And by the hand she toke her faire and well,

" Welcome," quod she, " my sister by the rode."

⁵ Jest.


Poor and Sure.

She feasted her, that ioye it was to tell,
The fare they had ; they drank the wyne so clere.
And as to purpose now and then it fell
She chered her, with, “ How, sister, what chere ? ”

Amid this ioy befell a sory chance,
That, welaway, the stranger bought full dere,
The fare she had ; for, as she lookte a skance,
Under a stole she spied two shining eyes
In a rounde head, with sharp cares : in France
Was never mouse so feard, for the vnwise
Had not ysene such a beast before,
Yet had nature taught her after gise
To know her fo, and dred him euermore ;
The tounne mouse fled, she knew whither to go.
The other had no shift, but wonders sore ;
Feard of her life, at home she wisht her tho',
And to the dore, alas ! as she did skippe,
The Heaven it would, lo ! and eke her chance was so,
At the threshold her sely fote did trippe,
And, ere she might recouer it again,
The traytour cat had caught her by the hippe,
And made her there against her wyll remaine,
That hath forgot her power suertie, and rest,
For seking welth, wherein she thought to raigue.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

I.

 N old song made by an aged old pate,¹
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages ;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages.
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half-a-dozen old cooks :
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewde blows,
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

¹ The owner of which has never been discovered.

The Old and Young Courtier.

With a good old fashion, when Christmase was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good pounds ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind :
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

II.



LIKE a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor stand ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

The Old and Young Courtier.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping, or care,



Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

The Old and Young Courtier.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals ne'er stood ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and toys ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold ;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
And the king's young courtiers.



THE DUKE AND THE TINKER.

NOW as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport;
 But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest;
 A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
 As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
 Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.

The Duke and the Tinker.

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd :
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland : this was no great hurt ;
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ;
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
He desir'd to know what apparel he'd ware :
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ;
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he, this is great :
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :

The Duke and the Tinker.

As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again :
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first ;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak ;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand :
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.



(15)

THE CONJURER COUSENED.¹

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.



SHIFTING knave about the towne,
Did challenge wondrous skill :
To tell men's fortunes and good haps,
He had the starrs at will.

What day was best to travaile on,

Which fit to chuse a wife ;

If violent or naturall

A man should end his life ;

Successe of any suite in law,

Which parties cause prevailes ;

¹ First published by the Percy Society.

The Conjurer Cousened.

When it is good to pick ones teeth,
And ill to pare his nailes.
So cunningly he plaid the knave,
That he deluded many,
With shifting, base, and cousening tricks;
For skill he had not any.

Amongst a crew of simple guls,
That plide him to their cost,
A butcher comes and craves his help,
That had some cattle lost.
Ten groates he gave him for his fee,
And he to conjure goes,
With characters, and vocables,
And divers antique showes.
The butcher, in a beastly feare,
Expected spirits still,
And wished himsef within his shop,
Some sheepe or calfe to kill.
At length, out of an old blinde hole,
Behinde a painted cloth,
A deville comes with roaring voyce,
Seeming exceeding wroth,
With squibs and crackers round about
Wilde-fier he did send;
Which, swaggering Ball, the butchers dog,
So highly did offend,
That he 'upon the devill flies,
And shakes his hornes so sore,
Even like an oxe, most terrible
He made hobgoblin roare.
The cunning man cries, " For Gods love help,
Unto youre mastiffe call !"
" Fight dog, fight devill !" butcher said,
And cláps his hands at Ball.
The dog most cruelly tore his flesh,
The devill went to wracke,

The Conjuror Cousened.

And lookèd like a tattered rogue,
With ne're a rag on's backe.
" Give me my money back againe,
Thou slave," the butcher said,
" Or I will see your devill's heart,
Before he can be laid :
He gets not back againe to hell,
Ere I my mony have
And I will have some intrest too.
Besides mine own I gave.
Deliver first mine owne ten groats,
And then a crowne to boote :
I smell your devils knavery out,
He wants a cloven foote."

The conjurer, with all his heart,
The mony backe repaies,
And gives five shillings of his owne :
To whome the butcher saies,
" Farewell, most seury conjuror,
Thinke on my valiant deed,
Which has done more then English George.
That made the dragon bleed :
He and his horse, the story tells,
Did but a serpent slay :
I and my dog the devill spoild,
We two have got the day."



JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

[FROM GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.]



ACK and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hande go colde ;
But, belly, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or old.

I can not eate but lytle meat,
My stomacke is not goode ;
But, sure, I think that I can drynk,
With him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a-colde ;
I stuffe my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Back and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

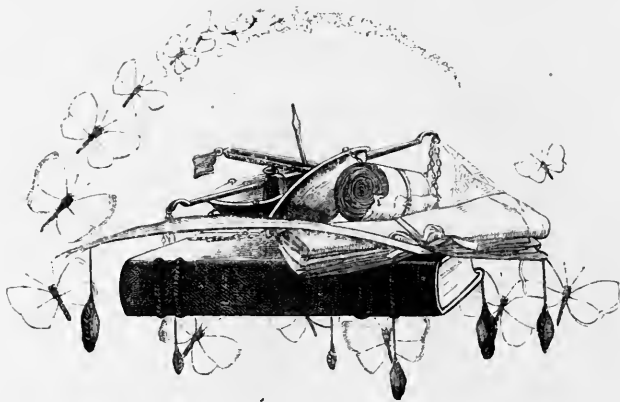
Jolly Good Ale and Old.

I love no rost, but a nut-brown toste
And a crab layde in the fyre ;
A lytle bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I not desyre.
No froste nor snow, no winde, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of joly good ale and old.
Back and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

And Tyb, my wyfe, that, as her lyfe,
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full ofte drinkes shee, tyll ye may see
The teares run down her cheeke ;
Then doth she trowle¹ to mee the bowle,
Even as a malt worme shuld ;
And sayth, Sweethart, I took my part
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Back and syde go bare, go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke tyll they nod and wynke
Even as good fellowes shoulde doe,
They shall not misse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bringe men to ;
And all poor soules that have scowred bowles
Or have them lustily trolde,
God gave the lyves of them and their wyves,
Whether they be younge or olde.
Back and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foote and hande go colde ;
But, belly, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or old.

¹ Pass.



THE LONDON VACATION.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

NOW Town-wit sayes to witty friend,
“ Transcribe apace all thou hast pen’d
For I in journey hold it fit,
To cry thee up to countrey-wit.
Our mules are come ! dissolve the club !
The word, till term, is, ‘ Rub, O rub ! ’ ”

Now gamster poor, in cloak of stammel,¹
Mounted on steed, as slow as cammel,
Battoone of crab in luckless hand,
(Which serves for bilboe and for wand)
Early in morne does sneak from town,
Least landlord’s wife should seise on crown :
On crown, which he in ponch does keep,
When day is done, to pay for sleep ;

¹ Or stamin, a woollen cloth.

The London Vacation.

For he in journey nought does eat.
Host spies him come, cries, " Sir, what meat ?"



He calls for room and down he lies.
Quoth host, " No supper, sir ?" He cries

The London Vacation.

“ I eate no supper ; fling on rug !
I'm sick, d'you hear ? Yet, bring a jug ! ”

Now damsel young, that dwels in Cheap,
For very joy begins to leap :
Her elbow small she oft does rub,
Tickled with hope of sillabub ;
For mother, (who does gold maintain
On thumb, and keys of silver chaine)
In snow white clout, wraps nook of pye,
Fat capon's wing, and rabbit's thigh,
And says to Hackney coachman, “ Go
Take shillings six, say I, or no.”
“ Whither ? ” says he. Quoth she “ Thy teame
Shall drive to place where groweth creame.”
But husband gray now comes so stall
For prentice notch'd he straight does call :
“ Where's dame ? ” quoth he. Quoth son of shop,
“ She's gone her cake in milk to sop.”
“ Ho, ho ! to Islington ! Enough !
Fetch Job, my son, and our dog Ruffe !
For there in pond, through mire and muck,
We'll ery ‘ Hay, duck ! There, Ruffe ! Hay, duck ! ’ ”²

Now man that trusts, with weary thighs,
Seeks garret where small poet lies :
He comes to Lane ; finds garret shut ;
Then, not with knuckle, but with foot,
He rudely thrusts ; would enter dores ;
Though poet sleeps not, yet he snores :
Cit chafes like beast of Libia ; then
Sweares, he will not come nor send agen ;
From little lump triangular
Poor poets' sighs are heard afar.

² The ponds near Shepherd and Shepherdess fields were used *on Sundays* for the cruel diversion of duck-hunting even in the present century. In these fields stands the Britannia Theatre, amidst a new and dense suburb, where, now, on Sundays, duck-hunting gives place to religious services.

The London Vacation.

Quoth he, " Do noble numbers choose
To walk on feet, that have no shoes ?"
Then he does wish with fervent breath,
And as his last request ere death,
Each ode a bond, each madrigal,
A lease from Haberdashers' Hall,
Or that he had protected been
At court, in list of chamberlain ;
For wights near thrones care not an ace
For Woodstreet friend, that weildeth mace,
Courts pay no scores but when they list,
And treasurer still has cramp in fist.
Then forth he steales ; to Globe does run ;
And smiles, and vowes, four acts are done :
Finis to bring he does protest ;
Tells ev'ry play'r his part is best.
And all to get (as poets use)
Some coyne in pouche to solace Muse.

Now wight that acts on stage of Bull,
In skullers' bark does lie at Hull
Which he for pennies two does rig,
All day on Thames to bob for grig :
Whilst fencer poor does by him stand,
In old dung-lighter, hook in hand ;
Between knees rod, with canvas crib,
To girdle tied, close under rib ;
Where worms are put, which must small fish
Betray at night to earthen dish.

Now London's chief, on saddle new,
Rides into fair of Bartholomew ;
He twirles his chain, and looketh big,
As if to fright the head of pig,
That gaping lies on greasy stall,
Till female with great belly call.

The London Vacation.

Now alderman in field does stand,
With foot on trig, a quoit in hand :
“ I’m seaven” quoth he “ the game is up !
Nothing I pay, and yet I sup.”
To alderman quoth neighbour then,
“ I lost but mutton, play for hen.”
But wealthy blade cries out “ At rate
Of Kings, should’st play ! let’s go ; tis late.”

Now lean attorney, that his cheese
Ne’r par’d, nor verses took for fees ;
And aged proctor, that controules
The feats of punek in court of Paul’s,
Do each with solemn oath agree
To meet in feilds of Finsbury :
With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde,
Where arrows stick with mickle pride ;
With hats pinn’d up, and bow in hand
All day most fiercely there they stand ;
Like ghosts of Adam, Bell, and Clymme :
Sol sets for fear they’l shoot at him.

Now Spynie, Ralph, and Georgie small,
And short hayr’d Stephen, whay-fac’d Paul,
(Whose times are out, indentures torn)
Who seaven long years did never skorne,
To fetch up coales for maid to use,
Wipe mistresses’, and children’s shooes,
Do jump for joy they are made free ;
Hire meagre steeds, to ride and see
Their parents old who dwell as near,
As place call’d Peake in Derby-shire.
There they alight, old croanes are milde ;
Each weeps on cragg of pretty childe :
They portions give, trades up to set,
That babes may live, serve God and cheat.

The London Vacation.

Near house of law by Temple Bar,
Now man of mace cares not how far
In stockings blew he marcheth on,
With velvet cape his cloack upon ;
In girdle, scrowles, where names of some,
Are written down, whom touch of thumb,
On shoulder left, must safe convoy,
Anoying wights with name of Roy.
Poor pris'ner's friend that sees the touch,
Cries out aloud, " I thought as much."

Now vaulter good, and dancing lass,
On rope, and man that cries " Hey, pass,"
And tumbler young that needs but stoop,
Lay head to heel to creep through hoope ;
And man in chimney hid to dress,
Puppit that acts our old queen Bess,
And man that whilst the puppits play,
Through nose expendeth what they say,
And man that does in chest include
Old Sodom and Gomorrah lewd :
And white oate-eater that does dwell ;
In stable small, at sign of Bell :
That lift up hoofe, to show the prancks,
Taught by magitian, stilèd Banks ;
And ape, led captive still in chaine,
Till he renounce the Pope and Spaine.
All these on hoof now trudge from town,
To cheat poor turnep-eating clown.

Now man of war with visage red,
Grows chollerick and swears for bread.
He sendeth note to man of kin,
But man leaves word " I'm not within."
He meets in street with friend call'd Will ;
And cries " Old rogue ! what living still ?"

The London Vacation.

But er' that street they quite are past,
He softly asks "What money hast?"
Quoth friend "a erown!" he cries "Dear heart?
O base, no more, sweet, lend me part!"

But stay, my frightened pen is fled;
Myself through fear creeep under bed;
For just as Muse would scribble more,
Fierce city dunne did rap at door.

EPIGRAM.

[FROM ROWLAND'S EPIGRAMS.]



HE sanguine dye of Lesbia's painted face
Is often argued for a doubtful case.
The color's hers she swears: not so some thought it,
And true she swears: for I know where she bought it.



A WEDDING.¹

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

TELL thee, Dick, where I have been ;
 Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh things without compare !
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground.
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;²

¹ The occasion of this poem is said to have been the marriage of Lord Broghill to Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk.

² Suffolk House stood close to the foot of the Haymarket. Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, takes its name from it.

A Wedding.

And there did I see coming down



Such folks as are not in our town ;
Vorty at least, in pairs.

A Wedding.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest ;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? The youth was going
To make an end of all his woing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
Could ever yet produce ;
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she,
Nor half so full of juyce.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth, (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :

A Wedding.

But oh ! she dances such a way ;
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.³

Her cheeks so rare, a white was on,
No daisie makes comparison ;
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin ;
(Some bee had stung it newly,)
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on a Sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'd'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handl'd still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow besides the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great ;
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;

³ It was prettily supposed that the sun danced on Easter-day.

A Wedding.

Each servingman with dish in hand
March'd boldly up like our train'd-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O' th' sudden, up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss:
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time, all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet, 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.



OLD HOBSON.¹

JOHN MILTON.

I.

HERE lies old Hobson ; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
 Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
 For he had, any time this ten years full,
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;

¹ On the University carrier, who sickened in the time of his holiday ; being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague. It was he who established "Hobson's Choice."

Old Hobson.

But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
“ Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed.”

II.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move ;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot ;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath :
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;
“ Nay,” quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
“ If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.”
Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried, “ More weight ;”

Old Hobson.

But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase* :
His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

EPIGRAM.

[FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERY. 1671.]



WATCH lost in a tavern ! That's a Crime ;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.

The Watch kept Time ; and if Time will away,
I see no reason why the Watch should stay.

You say the Key hung out, and you forgot to lock it,
Time will not be kept pris'ner in a Pocket.

Henceforth, if you will keep your Watch, this do,
Pocket your Watch, and watch your Pocket, too.



AN HOLY SISTER.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SHE that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away ;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer ;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes :

An Holy Sister.

She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs ;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best ;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake ;
She that sings psalms devoutly, next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none see't ;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair ;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod on the commandments ;
She that can sigh, and cry " Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the Pope, and scratch-out " sudden death :"
And for all this can give no reason why :
This is an holy-sister, verily.



A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all ;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd.
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place

A Lover's Chronicle.

(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began ;
Alternately they sway'd ;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I' obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose ;
A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas ! should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me :
But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the gracious princess died.
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power :
Wondrous beautiful her face !
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

A Lover's Chronicle.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cetera*.

But should I now to you relate,
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow

A Lover's Chronicle.

(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present Emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name ;
Whom God grant long to reign !

EPIGRAM.

[FROM DODSLEY'S TOY SHOP.]



RIES Sylvia to a Reverend Dean,
“ What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in Heaven ?”

“ There are no women,” he reply'd,
She quick returns the jest,—
“ Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a Priest.”



A FRAGMENT OF SCIENCE.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

A LEARNED man,¹ whom once a week
 A hundred virtuosos seek,
 And like an oracle apply to,
 T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to ;
 Who entertained them all of course,
 As men take wives for better or worse,
 And pass them all for men of parts
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts ;
 For when they're cast into a lump,
 Their equality must jump ;

¹ In allusion, probably, to the meetings held at the house of Sir Kenelm Digby.
 The satire is levelled against certain members of the Royal Society.

A Fragment of Science.

As metals mixed, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ordinary debate
Was after news, and things of state,
Which way the dreadful comet went²
In sixty-four, and what it meant,
What nations yet are to bewail
The operations of its tail ?

Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a day and some but twice ;
And why the tides at night and noon
Court, like Caligula, the moon ?
If grass be green, or snow be white,
But only as they take the light ?
Whether possessions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, are most evil ?
What is't that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outside down again,
As if the attempt were made in vain ?
Or what's the strange magnetic cause
The steel, or Loadstone's drawn or draws
The star, the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touched upon ?
Whether the North-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence ;
(For red-hot iron, held towards the Pole
Turns of itself to't, when 'tis cool :)
What makes the body of the sun
That such a rapid course does run
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear,
Which other planets cannot do
Because they do not burn, but glow ?
Whether the moon be sea, or land,
Or charcoal ; or a quench'd fire-brand ;

² The comet which appeared on the 24th of December, 1664.

A Fragment of Science.

Or if the dark holes that appear
Are only bores, not cities there ?
Whether the atmosphere turn round
And keep a just pace with the ground ;
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind ?
Or whether Crescents in the Wane,
(For so an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day ?
Whether the sea increase or waste,
And if it do, how long 'twill last :
Or if the sun approaches near
The earth, how soon it will be here ?

These were the learned speculations
And all their constant occupations
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square,
To make a powder of the sun,
By which all doctors should b' undone ;
To find the north-west passage out
Although the farthest way about ;
If chemists from a rose's ashes,
Can raise a rose itself, in gases ?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense ?
To stew the elixir in a bath
Of Hope, Credulity, and Faith ;
To explicate by subtle hints
The grain of diamonds and flints ;
And, in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass ;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low.



HOLLAND.

ANDREW MARVEL.

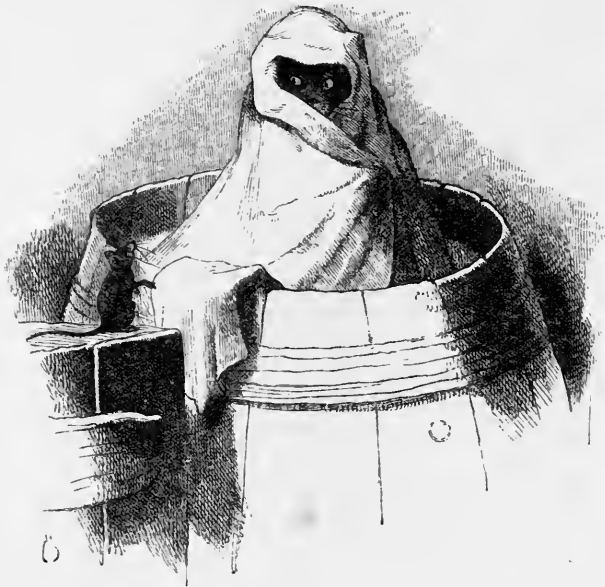
HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of land,
 As but the off-scouring of the British sand ;
 And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots, when they heaved the lead ;
 Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
 Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell.
 Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore ;
 And dived as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if it had been of ambergreece ;
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less than what building swallows bear away ;
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
 Transferring into them their dunghill soul.

Holland.

How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles ;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To catch the waves than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injured ocean layed,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played ;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their *natre Liberum* ;¹
A daily deluge over them does boil ;
And earth and water play at level-coyl ;
The fish oft-times the burgher dispossessed,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest ;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch served up for cabillau ;²
Or, as they over the new level ranged,
For pickled herring, pickled Heeren changed.
Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake :
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings ;
For as with pigmys, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain.
Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drown'd he that drains.
Not who first sees the rising sun, commands ;
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord and country's father speak.
To make a bank was a great plot of state ;
Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.

¹ A free ocean ; for which the Dutch jurists were then contending with the English.

² Fresh cod.



MR. MILD-AND-SLY.

LA FONTAINE. TRANSLATED BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.



STORY-WRITER of our sort
Historifies, in short,
Of one that may be reckoned
A Rodilard the Second,—
The Alexander of the cats,
The Attila, the scourge of rats,
Whose fierce and whiskered head
Among the latter spread,
A league around, its dread ;
Who seemed, indeed, determined
The world should be unvermined.
The planks with props more false than slim,
The tempting heaps of poisoned meal,

Mr. Mild-and-Sly.

The traps of wire and traps of steel,
Were only play, compared with him.
At length, so sadly were they scared,
The rats and mice no longer dared
To show their thievish faces
Outside their hiding-places,
Thus shunning all pursuit ; whereat
Our crafty General Cat
Contrived to hang himself, as dead,
Beside the wall, with downward head,—
Resisting gravitation's laws
By clinging with his hinder claws
To some small bit of string.
The rats esteemed the thing
A judgment for some naughty deed,
Some thievish snatch,
Or ugly scratch ;
And thought their foe had got his meed
By being hung indeed.
With hope elated all
Of laughing at his funeral,
They thrust their noses out in air ;
And then to show their heads they dare,
Now dodging back, now venturing more.
At last, upon the larder's store
They fall to filching, as of yore.
A scanty feast enjoyed these shallows ;
Down dropped the hung one from his gallows,
And of the hindmost caught.
“ Some other tricks to me are known,”
Said he, while tearing bone from bone,
“ By long experience taught ;
The point is settled, free from doubt,
That from your holes you shall come out.”
His threat as good as prophecy
Was proved by Mr. Mild-and-sly ;
For, putting on a mealy robe,

Mr. Mild-and-Sly.

He squatted in an open tub,
And held his purring and his breath ;—
Out came the vermin to their death.

On this occasion, one old stager,
A rat as gray as any badger,
Who had in battle lost his tail,
Abstained from smelling at the meal ;
And cried, far off, “ Ah ! General Cat,
I much suspect a heap like that.
Your meal is not the thing, perhaps,
For one who knows somewhat of traps ;
Should you a sack of meal become,
I'd let you be, and stay at home.”

Well said, I think, and prudently,
By one who knew distrust to be
The parent of security.

“ COME TO THE MAY-POLE ! ”

[FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.¹]



OME, Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,
And away to the May-pole hie,
For every fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler's standing by.
For Willy shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
Trip it up and down.

Strike up, says Wat : agreed, says Matt,
And I prithee, fiddler, play ;
Content, says Hodge, and so says Madge,
For this is a holiday.
Then every lad did doff
His hat unto his lass,
And every girl did curtsy, curtsy,
Curtsy on the grass.

Begin, says Hal : aye, aye, says Mall,
We'll lead up *Packington's Pound* ;
No, no, says Noll, and so says Doll,
We'll first have *Sellinger's Round*.

¹ Mr. W. Chappell, in his admirable work on Popular Music of the Olden Time, states that the words of this song are still in print in *Seven Dials*.

Come to the May-pole.

Then every man began
To foot it round about,



And every girl did jet it, jet it,
Jet it in and out.

Come to the May-pole.

You're out, says Dick,—not I, says Nick,
 'Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong ;
'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue,
 And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
 To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
 Trip it to the men.

Let's kiss, says Jane,—content, says Nan,
 And so says every she ;
How many? says Batt,—why three, says Matt,
 For that's a maiden's fee.
The men, instead of three,
 Did give them half a score ;
The maids in kinduess, kindness,
 Gave 'em as many more.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
 And play'd for ale and cakes ;
And kisses too,—until they were due
 The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
 To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
 And give them their own again.

Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
 And tired the fiddler quite
With dancing and play, without any pay,
 From morning until night.
They told the fiddler then
 They'd pay him for his play,
Then each a twopence, twopence, twopence,
 Gave him, and went away.

Good night, says Harry,—good night, says Mary ;
 Good night, says Dolly to John ;

Come to the May-pole.

Good night, says Sue, to her sweetheart, Hugh ;
Good night, says every one.
Some walk'd, and some did run ;
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve
To meet the next holiday.

EPIGRAM.

SAMUEL BUTLER.



HE jolly members of a toping club
Like pipe-staves are, but hoop'd into a tub ;
And in a close confederacy link
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.



GOOD WINE A GENTLEMAN.

FRANCESCO REDI. TRANSLATED BY LEIGH HUNT.



BOYS, this Tuscan land divine
 Hath such a natural talent for wine,
 We'll fall, we'll fall
 On the barrels and all ;
 We'll fall on the must, we'll fall on the presses,
 We'll make the boards groan with our grievous caresses ;
 No measure, I say ; no order, but riot ;
 No waiting nor cheating ; we'll drink like a Sciot :
 Drink, drink, and drink when you've done ;
 Pledge it and frisk it, every one ;
 Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down :
 He that's afraid is a thief and a clown.

Good Wine a Gentleman.

Good wine's a gentleman ;
He speedeth digestion all he can ;
No headache hath he, no headache, I say,
For those who talked with him yesterday.

A COAT OF ARMS.

[FROM WESTMINSTER DROLLERY.]



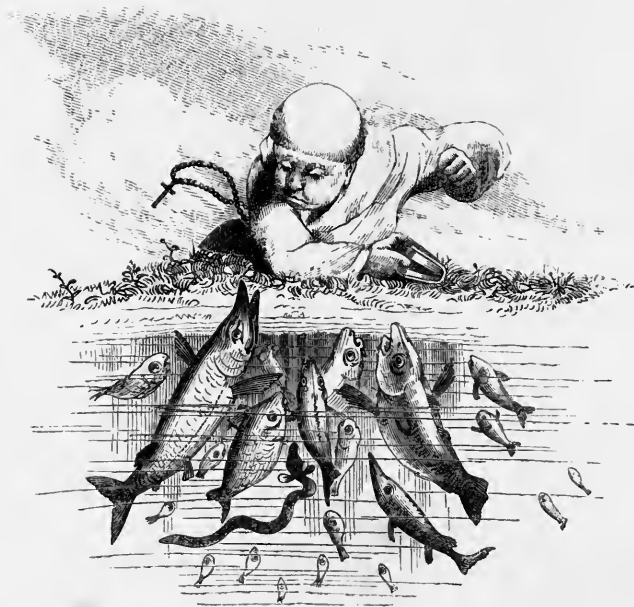
A GREAT pretender to gentility
Came to a herald for his pedigree :
Beginning there to swagger, roar, and swear,
Requir'd to know what arms he was to bear.
The herald, knowing what he was, begun
To rumble o'r his heraldry ; which done,
Told him he was a gentleman of note,
And that he had a very glorious coat.
“ Prithee, what is't ? ” quoth he, “ and take your fees.”
“ Sir,” says the herald, “ ’tis two rampant trees,
One couchant ; and, to give it further scope,
A ladder passant, and a pendant rope.
And, for a grace unto your blue-coat sleeves,
There is a bird i' th' crest that strangles thieves.”

BE NOT A WIT.

TOM D'URFEY.



FATHER, says Dick, could you taste the delights
That myself and companions enjoy at nights,
Were you once but to hear the conundrums and quibbles,
The retorts and the puns, the lampoons and the libels,
The rhymes, repetitions, the songs, and the catches,
The whims and the flirts, and the smart witty touches,
That over the flask we most lovingly vent,
You would think a whole night most gloriously spent ;
And wou'd guess by our wit, and the course that we follow,
We cou'd all be no less than the sons of Apollo.
Ah ! Dick, says the father, take care, I intreat ye,
Thou'dst better be hang'd of the two than be witty ;
For if thou'rt once thought, by thy studies and labours,
To've acquir'd more wit than the rest of thy neighbours,
Thou'lt be sneer'd at by fools, and be fear'd by thy betters,
And hunted about by rogues, bailiffs, and setters.
Thy lodging must be in some nine-penny garret,
Thy drink, porter's guzzle much oftener than claret ;
Thy coat must through all the four seasons be worn,
Till it's robb'd of its lap like a sheep newly shorn ;
You must always seem pleasant, that is, if you can,
Keep your wits ready prim'd for a flash in the pan :
When your pockets are empty, your brains must project
Puns, quibbles, and tales, to supply the defect ;
That whenever you meet with a generous chub,
You may sneak out a jest in the room of your club :
For a wit is no more than a merry Tom Fool,
A satirical scourger, or a flattering tool.



SAINT ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

SANCTA CLARA.



SAINT ANTHONY at church
 Was left in the lurch,
 So he went to the ditches
 And preached to the fishes.
 They wriggled their tails,
 In the sun glanced their scales.

Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all thither drawn ;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
 No sermon beside
 Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear Saint Antonius.
 No sermon beside
 Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish,—
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
 No sermon beside
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
 No sermon beside
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
 No sermon beside
 Had the crabs so edified.

Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.
At God's word,
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended ;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

JOHN GAY.



WAS on the day when city dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park¹ air ;
When forth we trot : no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen ;
Through Hamersmith jog on to Turnham-green :
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more : for Solomon¹ is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets, and white-legg'd chickens known :
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Stanes.
We ferry'd o'er ; for late the Winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer ;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And praised their wisdom much, their drinking more.

¹ A man famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

A Journey to Exeter.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep :
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham Lane was scarce in sight by one :
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold ;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a Belle to country towns.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears ;
What, no election come in seven long years !
Of all our race of Mayors, shall Snow² alone
Be by Sir Richard's dedication known ?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bow'rs a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend :
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock,
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days !
No Amaryllis chants alternate lays ;
From her no list'ning echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend ;

² Sir Richard Steele, when member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called "The Importance of Dunkirk considered," and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

A Journey to Exeter.

Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not proved thy scissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses?³

O'er the green turf⁴ the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reek'ning paid,
And our due fees discharged to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And as we mount, our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.
Here sleep my two companions, eyes supprest,
And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile vallies lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
As hurses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,

³ Salisbury was the head quarters of cutlery until supplanted by Sheffield. In the old copy from which this Epistle to the Earl of Burlington is abridged, it is thought worthy of attestation in a note that Salisbury actually contained "three" ladies' schools.

⁴ Salisbury plain.

A Journey to Exeter.

And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.



We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.

A Journey to Exeter.

The maid subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Meantime our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art ;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skillful hand bedeck :
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroak'd the beard of Jove.

Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on ; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smoak'd along the road ;
When (O blest sight !) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horse's side ;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,—
“ This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen ;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.”
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame !
Then he, that could not Epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in Elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for Elegy unfit,
Perhaps a Distich might not strain his wit ;
If Epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays ;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes,
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies.
“ Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheese-cakes are for damsels meet.”

A Journey to Exeter.

Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign ;—
“ This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
I named the brave deliverer to come.”⁵

But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain,
Hail, happy native land !——but I forbear
What other Counties must with envy hear.

⁵ Blackmore's “ Prince Arthur,” Book V.



BAD AUTHORS.

ALEXANDER POPE.



HUT, shut the door, good John ! fatigued I said ;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide ?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge ;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,

Bad Authors.

Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me :
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy ! to catch me—just at dinner time.

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross ?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls ?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause :
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life ! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song),
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove ?
Or what must end me, a fool's wrath or love ?
A dire dilemma ! either way I'm sped ;
If foes they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I !
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie :
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace ;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility ; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head ;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, " Keep your piece nine years."
" Nine years !" cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes e'er he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends :
" The piece, you think, is incorrect ? Why take it ;
I'm all submission ; what you'd have it, make it."

Bad Authors.


Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: " You know his grace ;
I want a patron : ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—" But here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? 'Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."

Bless me ! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, " furies, death, and rage !"
If I approve, " Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars), my whole commission ends,
The players and I are luckily no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath ! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—Your interest, sir, with Lintot."
" Lintot, dull rogue ! will think your price too much :"
" Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks :
At last he whispers, " Do ; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door ;
" Sir, let me see your works and you no more."

WORMS.

ALEXANDER POPE.¹

OW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shows and forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human race are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Proud reptile, vile and vain,
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our grannum's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the Devil.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they took their rise,
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows,
Some worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms, beaus,
And death-watches, physicians.

¹ This poem was addressed "To the Ingenious Mr. Moore, Author of the Celebrated Worm-Powder."

Worms.


That statesmen have a worm, is seen
By all their winding play ;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise
If thou could'st make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

Thou only canst our fate adjourn
Some few short years, no more ;
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

JOHN PHILIPS.

APPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;

But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall¹ repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain,
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
As winter-chimney or well-polish'd jet
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent!
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings

¹ Two noted alehouses at Oxford in 1700.

The Splendid Shilling.

Full famous in romantic tale) when he



O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,

The Splendid Shilling.

High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massie, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls. I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do, or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear, a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode. In his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes: (ye Gods! avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible and magic charms
Erst have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,

The Splendid Shilling.

Where gates impregnable and coercive chains
In duranee strict detain him, till, in form
Of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So, poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin ; so her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies ; she secret stands
Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts or arms, or shapes of lovely hue :
The wasp insidious and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make : with eager strides
She towering flies to her expected spoils ;
Then, with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days ; but when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood ;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts

The Splendid Shilling.

My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile, I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose ;
But, if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain : awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.





THE WATER CURE.

WILLIAM HARRISON.



MISS Molly, a fam'd Toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue
From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame ;
Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life :
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline ;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine ;
From whence some petty discord would arise,
As “ You're a fool ! ” and, “ You are mighty wise ! ”

The Water Cure.

Though he, and all the world, allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet ;
When she began, for hat and sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint kiss, cry, " B'ye, dear Moll :
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."
" And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose !
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine :
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine !"

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle, gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off—because alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come ;
But arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he, impatient, heard :
" 'Tis a fine hour ! in a sweet pickle made !
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight ;
'Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest."

" Hey ! hoop ! d'ye hear my curs'd obstreperous spouse ?
What, can't ye find one bed about the house ?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still ?
That rival to the softness of a mill !
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise."

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.

The Water Cure.

Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was ;
" Cheer up," cry'd he, " and I'll remove the cause.
A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife ;
The best elixir t' appease man and wife :
Strange are th' effects ; the qualities divine ;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum ;
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold ;
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold !
One month this sympathetic med'cin try'd,
He'll grow a lover ; you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy'll beg a dose."

A water bottle's brought for her relief ;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief.
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And female like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war ;
Entering, he cries, " Hey ! where's our thunderer fled !
No hurricane ! Betty, 's your lady dead ?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks :
Wondering, he stares, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
" Why how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now ?"
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then, clasping her about, " Why let me die !
These night cloaths, Moll, become thee mightily !"
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls her lady to undress.

The Water Cure.

For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last ;
'Twas used and gone. Then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies ;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state.

“ Why niece,” says he, “ I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself the friend.
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm ;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm :
Be silent, and complying ; you'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'ine will be kind.”



THE TINKER AND GLAZIER.

WILLIAM HARRISON.



WO thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
 One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker ;
 Both with light purses, but with spirits gay ;
 And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.
 Their ale they quaff'd ;
 And, as they swigg'd the nappy,
 They both agreed, 'tis said,
 That trade was wond'rous dead.
 They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
 And were completely happy.

The Tinker and Glazier.

The Landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug;
For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—"Bring us t'other mug."

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn,
To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn;
And, where the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,
Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle, gaily singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint, just to his heart's desire:
And, while to draw more ale the Landlord goes,
Dick, in the ashes, all the water throws;

Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As "Trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
Our Landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand;
So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship, too, display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"

But, O how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew,
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
Sold the only fluid he could view!
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And cursed the kettle's body o'er and o'er,
"Come! come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my friend, more ale;
All trades, you know, must live:
Let's drink—"May trade with none of us, e'er fail!"
The job to Tom, then, give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle."
The Landlord yields; but hopes 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade, that thrives at his expence.

The Tinker and Glazier.

Tom undertakes the job ; to work he goes ;
And just concludes it, with the ev'ning's close.
Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
Each might be fairly call'd a loving brother ;
Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a trick,
And one good turn in truth deserves another !
Out now he slily slips,
But not a word he said.
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.

Swift to the neighb'ring church his way he takes ;
Nor in the dark,
Misses his mark,
But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks.
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
At getting so much excellent employ.
Return'd, he beckoning, draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face,
And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case.—
“ Dick ! I may give you joy, you're a made man ;
I've done your business most complete, my friend :
I'm off !—the devil may catch me, if he can,
Each window of the church you've got to mend ;
Ingratitude's worst curse my head befall,
If, for your sake, I have not broke them all !”

Tom with surprize, sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs—“ O, la !”
Then drops his under jaw,
And all his pow'rs of utt'rance fail :
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace ;
Whose sympathetic museles, just and true,

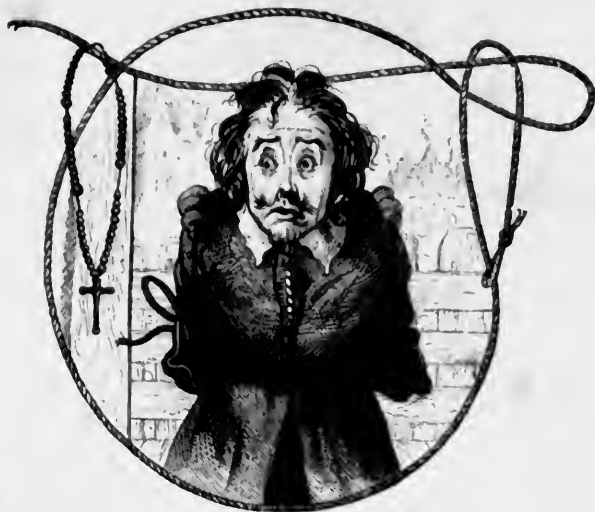
The Tinker and Glazier.

Share with his heart,
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.
At length, friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd—
“ You have, indeed, my business done !
And I, as well as you, must run :
For let me act the best I can,
Tom ! Tom ! I am a ruin'd man.
Zounds ! zounds ! this piece of friendship costs me dear,
I always mend church windows—*by the year !*”

EPIGRAM.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

YES, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can show it :
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.



THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

MATTHEW PRIOR.



WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun ;
There the Squire of the Pad and the Knight of the Post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known,
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own ;
But my hearers cry out, " What a dence dost thou ail ?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."

The Thief and Cordelier.

"Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear,
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin ;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

"What frightens you thus, my good son?" says the priest,
"You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd."
"O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken."

"Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies ;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis ;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die ; let the Church do the rest.

"And what will folks say if they see you afraid ?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade :
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" our hero replied, in a fright,
"He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night."
"Tell your beads," quoth the priest, "and be fairly truss'd up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup."

"Alas!" quoth the Squire, "howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat ;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place."

"That I would," quoth the Father, "and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit :


The Thief and Cordelier.

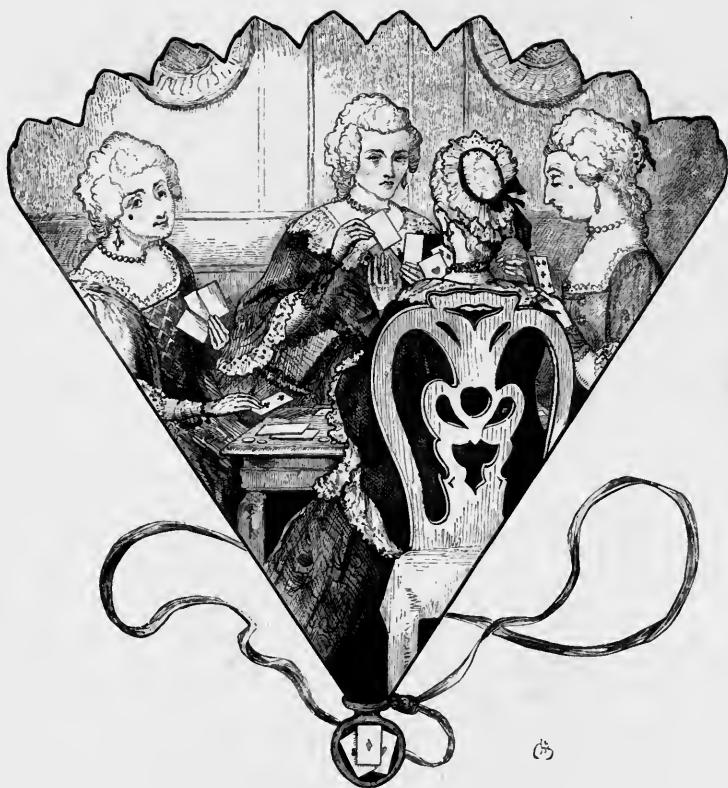
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste,
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a fast."

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
" Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade ;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die."

A GIANT WHALER.

WILLIAM KING.

 HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke,
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sate upon a rock, *and bobb'd for whale.*



A LADY'S DIARY.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

BY Nature turn'd to play the rake well,
 (As we shall show you in the sequel)
 The modern dame is waked by noon,
 (Some authors say not quite so soon)
 Because, though sore against her will,
 She sat all night up at quadrille :

A Lady's Diary.

She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise ?
Of headach and the spleen complains,
And then; to cool her heated brains,
Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water :
Then to her glass ; and, “ Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
But was it not confounded hard ?
Well, if I ever touch a card !
Four matadores, and lose codille !
Depend upon 't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six.”
“ Madam, the goldsmith waits below ;
He says his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn ?” “ Why, show him up.”—
“ Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath sent this letter by her maid.”
“ Well, I remember what she won ;
And hath she sent so soon to dun ?
Here, carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals :
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night.”

Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme,
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :
“ She slipp'd Spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest :
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign.”

A Lady's Diary.

Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.

Now to another scene give place.
Enter the folks with silks and lace ;
Fresh matter for a world of chat ;
Right Indian this, right Meehlin that.
“ Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff !
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam ! you are grown so hard :
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard.
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.”

This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, “ Madam, dinner stays.”
She answers in her usual style,
“ The cook must keep it back a while :
I never can have time to dress ;
No woman breathing takes up less :
I'm hurried so it makes me sick ;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick.”

At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart.
“ I thought we were to dine alone
My dear ! for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way.
He's so unkind he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends.
I wish you may but have enough—”
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,

A Lady's Diary.

Which modern ladies call polite,
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit.

But, let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea,
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans ;
When, frightened at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face.
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Seurrility with gibing air,
Rude Laughter, seeming like to burst,
And Malice, always judging worst,
And Vanity, with pocket-glass,
And Impudence, with front of brass,
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame,
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.

Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few ?
Or how should I, alas ! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their inuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres ?
Now comes the general scandal charge,
What some invent the rest enlarge ;
And, " Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I :

A Lady's Diary.

I must conceal my author's name,
But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females ! bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share ?
Thus every fool herself deludes,
The prude condemns the absent prudes :
While crooked Cynthia sneering says
That Florimel wears iron stays :
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows ;
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes :
Iris for scandal most notorious,
Cries, Lord ! the world is so censorious !
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red :
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence :
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies ;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute :
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking ;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin ;
Not schoolboys at a barring-out
Raised ever such incessant rout ;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter ;
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election-ale.

A Lady's Diary.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own ;



Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book ;

A Lady's Diary.

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down ;
Or, by the tossing of a fan,
Describe the lady and the man.

But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits :
“ And was not Tom this morning sent ?
I'd lay my life he never went.
Past six, and not a living soul !
I might by this have won a vole.”
A dreadful interval of spleen ;
How shall we pass the time between ?
“ Here, Betty, let me take my drops ;
And feel my pulse ; I know it stops.
This head of mine, Lord, how it swims !
And such a pain in all my limbs !”
“ Dear madam ! try to take a nap”——
But now they hear a footman's rap :
“ Go run, and light the ladies up.
It must be one before we sup.”

The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night.
“ Whoever comes, I'm not within :”—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art !
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate ?

A Lady's Diary.

What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels ?
She draws up card by card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind ;
With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see Spadillo rise :
In vain, alas ! her hope is fed ;
She draws an ace, and sees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys :
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
“ This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't ?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays :
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, girl, or get you gone ;
I always lose when you look on.”
“ Lord ! madam, you have lost codille ;
I never saw you play so ill.”
“ Nay, madam, give me leave to say
’Twas you that threw the game away ;
When Lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore.
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my Lady call'd a King ;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the King of Hearts.
Fie ! madam, leave these little arts.”
“ That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand.”
“ Madam, you have no cause to flounce ;

A Lady's Diary.

I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
" And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five, you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark :
I guess the hand ; it seldom fails ;
I wish some folks would pare their nails."

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form ;
And conscious that they all speak true,
They give each other but their due ;
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.

The time, too precious now to waste,
And supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
" A frosty morn——past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found ;
" Come, let us play the other round."

Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone ;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.



A LOVE SONG. IN THE MODERN TASTE.

DEAN SWIFT.



LUTTERING, spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart :
I a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess, weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth :

A Love Song.

Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre :
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow.
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus, when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.



THE MERRY SOAP-BOILER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK HAGEDORN.¹

TRANSLATED BY E. W. TAYLOR.



STEADY and a skilful toiler,
John got his bread as a soap-boiler,
Earned all he wished, his heart was light,
He worked and sang from morn till night.

E'en during meals his notes were heard,
And to his beer were oft preferred ;

¹ Born in Hamburgh in 1708 ; studied law, and in 1729 he came to England as secretary of the Danish Legation, and made himself master of our language. In 1733 he was appointed secretary of the English factory at Hamburgh, and in 1754 he died suddenly.

The Merry Soap-boiler.

At breakfast, and at supper, too,
His throat had double work to do ;
He oftener sang than said his prayers,
And dropped asleep while humming airs :
Until his very next door neighbour,
Had learned the tunes that cheered his labor,
And every passer-by could tell
Where merry John was wont to dwell.
At reading he was rather slack,
Studied at most the almanac,
To know when holy days were nigh,
And put his little savings by ;
But sang the more on vacant days,
To waste the less his means and ways.

'Tis always well to live and learn.
The owner of the soap concern—
A fat and wealthy burgomaster,
Who drank his hock, and smoked his knaster,
At marketing was always apter
Than any prelate in the chapter,
And thought a pheasant in sour kroust
Superior to a Turkey-poult ;
But woke at times before daybreak
With heart-burn, gout, or liver ache—
Oft heard our sky-lark of the garret,
Sing to his slumber, but to mar it.

He sent for John one day and said,
“ What's your year's income from your trade ?”

“ Master, I never thought of counting
To what my earnings are amounting
At the year's end : if every Monday
I've paid my meat and drink for Sunday,
And something in the box unspent
Remains for fuel, coals, and rent,

The Merry Soap-boiler.

I've husbanded the needful seat,
And feel quite easy with my lot.
The maker of the almanac
Must, like your worship, know no lack,
Else a red letter earless day
Would oftener be struck away."

" John, you've been long a faithful fellow,
Though always merry, seldom mellow.
Take this rouleau of fifty dollars,
My purses glibly slip their collars ;
But, before breakfast let this singing
No longer in my ears be ringing ;
When once your eyes and lips unclose,
I must forego my morning doze."

John blushes, bows, and stammers thanks,
And steals away on bended shanks,
Hiding and hugging his new treasure,
As had it been a stolen seizure.
At home he bolts his chamber door,
Views, counts, and weighs his tinkling store,
Nor trust it to the savings-box,
Till he has screw'd on double locks.
His dog and he play tricks no more,
They're rival watchmen of the door,
Small wish has he to sing a word,
Lest thieves should climb his stair unheard.
At length he finds, the more he saves,
The more he frets, the more he craves ;
That his old freedom was a blessing
Ill sold for all his now possessing.

One day, he to his master went
And carried back his hoard unspent.
" Master," says he, " I've heard of old,
Unblest is he who watches gold.

The Merry Soap-boiler.

Take back your present, and restore
The cheerfulness I knew before.
I'll take a room not quite so near,
Out of your worship's reach of ear,
Sing at my pleasure, laugh at sorrow,
Enjoy to-day, nor dread to-morrow,
Be still the steady, honest toiler,
The merry John, the old soap-boiler."

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.



W HILE Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.



THE VICAR OF BRAY.¹



N good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-churchman was I,
 And so I got preferment.
 To teach my flock I never miss'd
 Kings were by God appointed,
 And lost are those that dare resist
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign.
 Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

¹ In Berkshire. Nichols says, in his *Select Poems*, that the song of the Vicar of Bray "was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of Dragoons, in the reign of George I."

The Vicar of Bray.

When royal James possess'd the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration :
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution ;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory :
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

The Vicar of Bray.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a whig, sir ;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender ;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession :
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.



A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

HENRY FIELDING.



HE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, to make him stay ;
“ My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows ;
You cannot hunt to-day.”

Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch ;

A Hunting we will Go.

Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,



And some are thrown in the ditch,
Yet a hunting we will go.

A Hunting we will Go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale ;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry ;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky ;
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
Then hungry, homewards we return,
To feast away the night :
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase ;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace,
When a hunting we do go.¹

¹ There are several versions of this song, of various degrees of length and of merit. "This song," says Mr. Chappell, in his *Collection of National English Airs*, "was originally to the tune of 'A Begging we will go,' (1660). The words by Fielding are contained in his ballad opera of *Don Quixote* in England, but have since been somewhat altered.



THE PEPPER-BOX AND SALT-CELLAR.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THE 'squire had din'd alone one day,
 And Tom was call'd to take away :
 Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art :
 But willing to secure a tart,
 The liquorish youth had made a halt ;
 And left the pepper-box and salt
 Alone, upon the marble table :
 Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble :

Pepper began, " Pray, sir," says he,
 " What business have you here with me ?

The Pepper-box and Salt-cellar.

Is't fit that spices of my birth
Should rank with thee, thou scum of earth?
I'd have you know, sir, I've a spirit
Suited to my superior merit—
Though now, confin'd within this castrè,
I serve a northern Gothic master;
Yet born in Java's fragrant wood,
To warm an eastern monarch's blood,
The sun those rich perfections gave me,
Which tempted Dutchmen to enslave me.

“ Nor are my virtues here unknown,
Though old and wrinkled now I'm grown.
Black as I am, the fairest maid
Invokes my stimulating aid,
To give her food the poignant flavour;
And to each sauce, its proper savour.
Pasties, ragouts and fricassees,
Without my seasoning, fail to please:
'Tis I, like wit, must give a zest,
And sprightliness, to every feast.

“ Physicians too my use confess;
My influence sagest matrons bless:
When drams prove vain, and cholics tease,
To me they fly for certain ease.
Nay, I fresh vigour can dispense,
And cure ev'n age and impotence:
And, when of dulness wits complain,
I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.

“ But, to the 'squire here, I appeal—
He knows my real value well:
Who, with one pepper-corn content,
Remits the vassal's annual rent—

“ Hence then, Sir Brine, and keep your distance:
Go lend the scullion your assistance;

The Pepper-box and Salt-cellar.

For culinary uses fit ;
To salt the meat upon the spit ;
Or just to keep his meat from stinking——
And then—a special friend to drinking !”

“ Your folly moves me with surprize,”
The silver tripod thus replies,
“ Pray, Master Pepper, why so hot ?
First cousin to the mustard-pot !

“ What boots it how our life began ?
’Tis breeding makes the gentleman :
Yet would you search my pedigree,
I rose, like Venus, from the sea :
The sun, whose influence you boast,
Nurs’d me upon the British coast.

“ The chymists know my rank and place,
When nature’s principles they trace :
And wisest moderns yield to me
The elemental monarchy.
By me all nature is supplied
With all her beauty, all her pride.
In vegetation, I ascend ;
To animals, their vigour lend :
Corruption’s foe, I life preserve,
And stimulate each slacken’d nerve.
I give jonquils their high perfume ;
The peach its flavour, rose its bloom :
Nay, I’m the cause, when rightly trac’d,
Of Pepper’s aromatic taste.

“ Such claims you teach me to produce ;
But need I plead my obvious use,
In seasoning all terrestrial food ?
When heav’n declares, that salt is good.

The Pepper-box and Salt-cellar.

“ Grant then some few thy virtues find ;
Yet salt gives health to all mankind :
Physicians sure will side with me,
While cooks alone shall plead for thee.
In short, with all thine airs about thee,
The world were happier far without thee.”

The 'squire, who all this time sat mute,
Now put an end to their dispute :
He rung the bell—bade Tom convey
The doughty disputants away.

The salt refresh'd by shaking up,
At night did with his master sup :
The pepper Tom assign'd his lot
With vinegar, and mustard-pot :
A fop with bites and sharpeners join'd,
And, to the side-board well confin'd !

MORAL.

Thus real genius is respected !
Conceit and folly thus neglected !
And, O my Shenstone ! let the vain,
With misbecoming pride, explain
Their splendor, influence, wealth, or birth ;—
'Tis men of sense are men of worth.



THE HONEST MAN'S LITANY.

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.]



FROM a wife of small fortune, but yet very proud,
Who values herself on her family's blood :
Who seldom talks sense, but for ever is loud,
Libera me !

From living i' th' parish that has an old kirk,
Where the parson would rule like a Jew or a Turk,
And keep a poor curate to do all his work,
Libera me !

From a justice of peace who forgives no offence,
But construes the law in its most rigid sense,
And still to bind over will find some pretence,
Libera me !

The Honest Man's Litany.

From bailiffs, attorneys, and all common rogues,
From Irish nonsense, their bogs and their brogues,
From Scots' bonny clabber, their clawing and shrugs,

Libera me !

From spiritual courts, citations and libels,
From proctors, apparitors, and all the tribe else,
Which never were read of yet, in any Bibles,

Libera me !

From dealing with great men and taking their word,
From waiting whole mornings to speak with my lord,
Who puts off his payments, and puts on his sword,

Libera me !

From trusting to hypocrites : wretches who trifle
With heaven, that on earth more secure they may rifle ;
Who conscience and honour and honesty stifle,

Libera me !

From Black-coats, who never the gospel yet taught,
From Red-coats, who never a battle yet fought,
From Turn-coats, whose inside and outside are naught,

Libera me !



THE CHAMELEON.

JAMES MERRICK.



'T has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.

The Chameleon.

Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before ;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travelled fool your mouth will stop :
“ Sir, if my judgment you’ll allow—
I’ve seen—and sure I ought to know.”—
So begs you’d pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia’s wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that ;
Discoursed awhile, ’mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon’s form and nature.
“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
“ Sure never lived beneath the sun :
A lizard’s body lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?”

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies,
“ ’Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue ;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ ’Tis green, ’tis green, sir, I assure ye.”
“ Green !” cries the other in a fury :

The Chameleon.

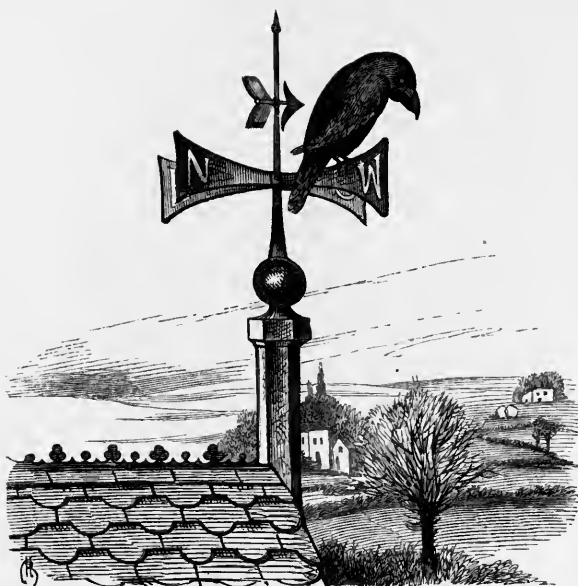
“ Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ? ”
“ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies :
“ For if they always serve you thus,
You’ll find them but of little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows :
When luckily came by a third ;
To him the question they referred :
And begged he’d tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

“ Sirs,” cries the umpire, “ cease your pother ;
The creature’s neither one nor t’other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view’d it o’er by candle-light :
I marked it well, ’twas black as jet—
You stare—but sirs, I’ve got it yet,
And can produce it.”—“ Pray, sir, do ;
I’ll lay my life the thing is blue.”
“ And I’ll be sworn, that when you’ve seen
The reptile, you’ll pronounce him green.”

“ Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,”
Replies the man, “ I’ll turn him out :
And when before your eyes I’ve set him,
If you don’t find him black, I’ll eat him.”

He said ; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo !—’twas white.
Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
“ My children,” the Chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
“ You all are right, and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you :
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own.”



THE JACKDAW.

WILLIAM COWPER.



HERE is a bird, who by his coat,
 And by the hoarseness of his note,
 Might be suppos'd a crow ;
 A great frequenter of the church,
 Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
 And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
 That turns and turns, to indicate
 From what point blows the weather ;
 Look up—your brains begin to swim,
 'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
 He chooses it the rather.

The Jackdaw.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
 And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
 Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
 If he should chance to fall.
No ; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
 Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great round-about,
The World, with all it's motley rout,
 Church, army, physie, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
 And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
 And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
 And such a head between 'em.



♫

THE PARROT.

WILLIAM COWPER.



N painted plumes superbly dress'd,
 A native of the gorgeous east,
 By many a billow toss'd ;
 Poll gains at length the British shore,
 Part of the captain's precious store,
 A present to his toast.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd,
 To teach him now and then a word,
 As Poll can master it ;

The Parrot.

But 'tis her own important charge,
To qualify him more at large,
And make him quite a wit.

"Sweet Poll!" his doating mistress cries,
"Sweet Poll!" the mimie bird replies;
And calls aloud for sack.
She next instructs him in the kiss;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,
And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears;
And, list'ning close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound;
But soon articulates aloud,
Much to th' amusement of the crowd,
And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
His hum'rous talent next employs,
He scolds, and gives the lie.
And now he sings, and now is sick,
"Here Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is like to die!"

Belinda and her bird! 'tis rare,
To meet with such a well-match'd pair,
The language and the tone,
Each character in ev'ry part
Sustain'd with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.



GAFFER GRAY.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

MO! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray ;
And why does thy nose look so blue ?
“ 'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day !”

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray ;

Gaffer Gray.

And warm thy old heart with a glass.
 “ Nay, but credit I’ve none,
 And my money’s all gone ;
Then say how may that come to pass ?
 Well-a-day !”

Hie away to the house on the brow,
 Gaffer Gray ;
And knock at the jolly priest’s door.
 “ The priest often preaches
 Against worldly riches,
But ne’er gives a mite to the poor,
 Well-a-day !”

The lawyer lives under the hill,
 Gaffer Gray ;
Warmly feneed both in back and in front.
 “ He will fasten his locks,
 And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
 Well-a-day !”

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
 Gaffer Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
 “ His fat beeves and his beer,
 And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
 Well-a-day !”

My keg is but low, I confess,
 Gaffer Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts, man, we’ll live.
 “ The poor man alone,
 When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
 Well-a-day !”



CUPID MISTAKEN.

WILLIAM THOMPSON.



VENUS whipt Cupid t'other day,
For having lost his bow and quiver :
For he had giv'n them both away
To Stella, queen of Isis river.

“ Mamma ! you wrong me while you strike,”
Cry'd weeping Cupid, “ for I vow,
Stella and you are so alike,
I thought that I had lent them you.”

CAPTAIN (OF MILITIA) SIR DILBERRY DIDDLE.

[GENT.'S MAG. VOL. XXXVI. P. 233, FOR 1766.]



F all the brave captains that ever were seen,
Appointed to fight by a king or a queen,
By a king or a queen appointed to fight,
Sure never a captain was like this brave knight.

He pull'd off his slippers and wrapper of silk,
And, foaming as furious as whisked new milk,
Says he to his lady, " My lady, I'll go :
My company calls me ; you must not say no."

With eyes all in tears says my lady, says she,
" O, cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill *me* !
For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy middle,
And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle."

Says Diddle again to his lady, " My dear,"
(And a white pocket-handkerchief wiped off a tear)
" To fight for thy charms in the hottest of wars
Will be joy ! Thou art Venus." Says she, " Thou art Mars."

By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
At the head of his company Dilberry came,
And the drums to the windows call every eye
To see the defence of the nation pass by.

Captain Sir Dilberry Diddle.

Old bible-faced women, through spectacles dim,
With hemming and coughing, cried, " Lord, it is *him* !"
While boys and the girls, who more clearly could see,
Cried, " Yonder's Sir Dilberry Diddle—that's *he* !"

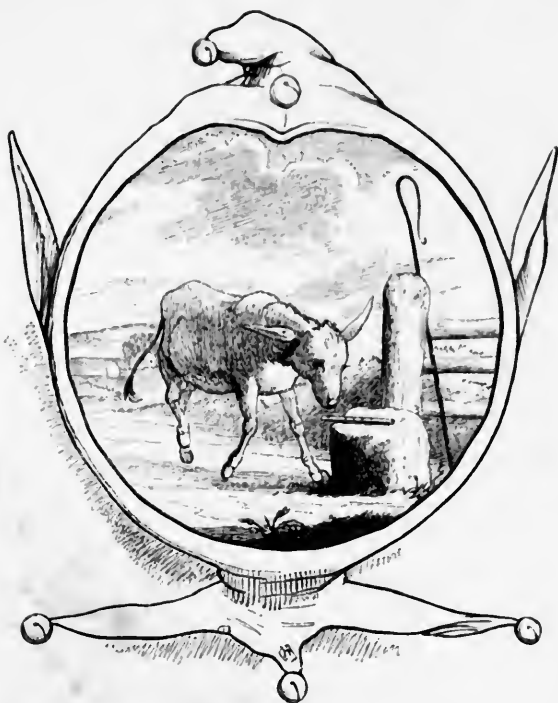
Of all the fair ladies that came to the show
Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row ;
" O, how charming," says she, " he looks all in red :
How he turns out his toes, how he holds up his head !

" Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
Which shines like a looking-glass, held in the sun !
Hear his word of command ! 'tis so sweet, I am sure,
Each time I am tempted to call out—*encore* !"

The battle now over, without any blows,
The heroes unharness and strip off their clothes ;
The dame gives her captain a sip of rose-water,
Then he, handing her into her coach, steps in after.

John's orders are special to drive very slow,
For fevers oft follow fatigues, we all know ;
And, prudently cautious, in Venus's lap
Beneath her short apron, Mars takes a long nap.

He dreamt, Fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottom boats.
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What havock, ye gods ! we shall have when he wakes !



THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

TOMAS DE YRIARTE.



YOU must know that this ditty,
This little romance,
Be it dull, be it witty,
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain inclosure,
Not far from my manse,
An ass, with composure,
Was passing by chance.

The Ass and the Flute.

As he went along prying,
With sober advance,
A shepherd's flute lying,
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started
And eyed it askance,
Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, Sir,
Drew music for once ;
It enter'd the flute, Sir,
And blew it by chance.

“ Ah !” cried he, in wonder,
“ How comes this to pass ?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass ?”

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed by mere chance.



THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



ECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;
 A fellowship at twenty-five
 Made him the happiest man alive;
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
 And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures unallay'd with care,
 Could any accident impair?

The Double Transformation.

Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six ?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town !
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop ;
O had her eyes forgot to blaze !
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze ;
Oh !——But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too ;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss ;
But when a twelvemonth pass'd away
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind ;
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or 'race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrap'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?

The Double Transformation.

In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown ;
He fancies every vice she shews,
Or thins her lips, or points her nose :
Whenever rage or envy rise
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
And though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now to perplex the revel'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife,
Promis'd to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower !
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright :
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.

The Double Transformation.

In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day :
Serenely gay and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.



THIRTY-FIVE.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.¹



ET in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five!

Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

¹ Addressed to Mrs. Thrale, on her completing her thirty-fifth year.



THE GASCON.

M. P. J. CHARRIN. TRANSLATED BY W. H. WILLS.



HERE are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,
 Whose tongues are so glib,
 That they fib
 Every day ;
 But, Parbleu,
 You may always believe what *I* say.

I'm a noble of France by descent,
 Through an old and illustrious line,
 But the title unhappily went
 To my uncle, the Duke of Gascoine,
 And his fortune is properly mine.
 To law I should go, 'twas agreed,
 Attorneys and counsel employ'd ;
 But in seeking an old title-deed,
 I found it by rats quite destroy'd.

The Gascon.

These trifles ne'er trouble me much,
For, thank Fortune, I'm rich as a Jew ;
So, my friend, should your fate e'er be such
To require of hundreds a few,
Don't be shy, but demand them—pray, do !
“ Accommodate you ? ” Without doubt ;
Though, just now, I'm unable to lend ;
With money I never come out,
But rely on the purse of a friend.

Could you see me at home, you would find
That my house is a model of taste ;
Silk tapestries, embroider'd and lined,
Dresden vases on buhl tables placed,
And walls with gilt cornices graced.
But the crowds, whom it used to attract,
Have induced me to let it on lease ;
And I lodge in a lane—'tis a fact—
For the sake of a month or two's peace.

I'd advise you, my friend, not to doubt,
For you know what a fencer I am ;
Provoke me too much, and one 'bout
Will show I'm by no means a lamb,
And that fighting with me is no sham.
Were my passion not easily ruled,
I should average a victim a-day :
Yet, insulted, my anger's soon cool'd ;
I forgive, and walk bravely away.

You're aware, as an author I shine ;
The Académie Royale Française
Acknowledged my writings were fine,
To my genius they gave every praise :
Sublime, they declared, were my lays.

The Gascon.

“ Their titles ? ” Alas ! ’twas my fate
To be robb’d of my justly-earn’d fame,
Himself, a false friend, to clate,
Stole, and publish’d them under his name.

For composing love-songs, I am bless’d
With a skill to which few can compare,
My brain is for ever possess’d
With many a beautiful air,
Join’d to couplets exceedingly rare.
You may judge for yourself when you hear—
Though the merit I never have sought—
That as Favart’s and Panard’s appear,
The songs I had previously—thought.

“ Can I dance ? ” What a question to ask !
You will find that at every ball
In the sunshine of plaudits I bask,
My minuet steps are quite gall
To the eyes of both Vestris and Paul.
“ A specimen ? ” Dreadful mischance !
I am lame, you may easily see ;
Last night, at the countess’s dance,
I tumbled and damaged my knee.

As a patriot, I glory in arms,
My country has witness’d my zeal ;
And, amidst battle’s fiercest alarms,
My life has been risk’d for her weal :
To the honours I’ve gain’d I appeal.
But my crosses and orders to wear,
My modesty never allows ;
For with envy they make equals stare,
And inferiors fatigue me with bows.

I am popular, too, ’mongst the fair ;
But a marriage I never have risk’d,

The Gascon.

Though very large fortune to share,
Many excellent matches I've miss'd—
I have fifty, at least, on my list.
You ask for my proofs? They're denied,
For most of the fair ones, you see,
Broken-hearted or jealous, have died,
Overwhelm'd by their passion for me.

There are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,
Whose tongues are so glib,
That they fil
Every day;
But, Parblieu,
You may always believe what *I* say.



PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

GARRICK. .

MEASTER! measter!
 Is not my measter here among you, pray?
 Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—
 The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
 They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:
 He must be there among you—look about—
 A wezen pale-faced mon—do find him out.
 Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame;
 Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.

La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
 Fine lads and lasses! one atop o' t'other.

Prologue to Barbarossa.

I could for ever here with wonder gaze !
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days !
Your servants, Sirs—what do you laugh for, eh ?
You dinna take me, sure, for one o' the play ?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad :
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too ;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.
I donna like your London tricks, not I :
And, since you've raised my blood, I'll tell you why :
And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great :
But troth, I'm sick o' th' journey. I ha' ta'en :
I like it not—would I were whoame again !

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation ;
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal ;
Zooks ! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal !
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't ? he eat a great sea-toad !
It came from Indies—'twas as big as me ;
He call'd it belly-patch, and *cap-a-pee* :
La ! how I stared !—I thought—who knows but I,
For want of monsters, may be made a pie ?
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country fare again.
I left toad-eater ; then I served a lord,
And there they promised, but ne'er kept their word.
While 'mong great folks this gaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor servants than their ladies.
A lady next, who liked a smart young lad,
Hired me forthwith, but troth, I thought her mad.

Prologue to Barbarossa.

She turn'd the world top-down, as one may say.
She changed day into neet, neet into day.
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks show all for nothing now-a-days.
Now I'm the poet's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing sartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that,
There are but three on's, measter, me, and eat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd searecly say which of the three is thinner;
My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But should you find that all our swans are geese,
'Efeek, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.



THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

IN Liquorpond street, as is well known to many,
 An artist resided, who shaved for a penny,
 Cut hair for three halfpence, for threepence he bled,
 And would draw for a groat every tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
 'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose :
 For blast and for mildew he eared not a pin,
 His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
 Contented he dined on his daily potatoes ;

The Barber's Nuptials.

And the pence that he earn'd by exsion of bristle,
Were nightly devoted to wetting his whistle.

When copper ran low, he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the Old Pewter Platter.
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd,
As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of ev'ry station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaus makes no discrimination,
Would not let this superlative shaver alone,
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his bone.

The fair one, whose charms did the barber enthrall,
At the end of Fleet Market, of fish kept a stall,
As red as her cheek was no lobster e'er seen ;
Not an eel that she sold was so soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot, temp'rate, or cold ;
Thus the heart of our barber love scorch'd like a coal,
Though 'tis very well known he lived under the pole.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,
And lied, like a lawyer, to move her compassion :
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valour deserved the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried, though he scorn'd to disclose
How many brave fellows he'd took by the nose.

For his politics, too, they were thoroughly known,
A patriot he was to the very back bone ;
Wilkes he gratis had shaved for the good of the nation,
And he held the *Wig* Club in profound veneration.

The Barber's Nuptials.

For his tenets religious—he could well expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's mysteries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the best of 'em all,
For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a caul.

Indignant, she answer'd, “ No chin-seraping sot
Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot ;
No ! to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie,
Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry :

“ Holborn-bridge and Blackfriars' my triumphs can tell,
From Billingsgate beauties I've long borne the bell :
Nay tripe-men, and fishmongers, vie for my favour ;—
Then d'ye think I'd take up with a two-penny shaver ?

“ Let dory, or turbot, the sov'reign of fish,
Cheek by jowl with red herring be served in one dish,
Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
When I angle for husbands, and barbers shall bite.”

But the barber persisted (ah ! could I relate 'em)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum :
And took every occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

He protested, besides, if she'd grant his petition,
She should live like a lady of rank and condition,
And to Billingsgate Market no longer repair,
But himself all her business would do to a hair.

Her smiles, he asserted, would melt even rocks,
Nay, the fire of her eyes would consume barbers' blocks,
On insensible objects bestow animation,
And give to old periwigs regeneration.

With fair speeches enjoled, as you tickle a trout,
'Gainst the barber the fish-wife no more could hold out :

The Barber's Nuptials.

He applied the right bait, and with flattery he caught her ;
With flatt'ry a female's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the barber once guess'd,
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd,
And as briskly bestirr'd him, the charmer embracing,
As the wash-ball that dances and froths in the basin.

The flame to allay their bosoms did so burn,
They set out for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn,
Where tonsors and trulls, country Dicks and their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace came from every quarter,
The worthies at Rag Fair old caxons who barter,
Who the coverings of judges and counsellors robs :
Cut down into majors, queues, scratches, and bobs.

Muscle-mongers and oyster-men, crimps and coal-heavers,
And butchers, with marrow-bones smiting their cleavers :
Shrimp-sealders and mole-catchers, tailors and tilers,
Boys, botchers, bawds, bailiffs, and black-pudding boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham-court Road ;
While St. Andrew's bells did so loud and so clear ring,
You'd given ten pound to 've been out of their hearing.

For his fee, when the parson this couple had join'd,
As no cash was forthcoming, he took it in kind :
So the bridegroom dismantled his reverence's chin,
And the bride entertain'd him with pilehards and gin.



MONSIEUR TONSON.



HERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
 At least some fifty years ago, or more,
 A pleasant wight on 'Town, yelep'd Tom King,
 A fellow that was clever at a joke,
 Expert in all the arts to teaze and smoke,
 In short, for strokes of humour, quite the thing.

Monsieur Tonson.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone :
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and blood,
Would crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight :
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight.
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there lived the numerous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known, at that time, by name of refugees.
The rod of persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view ;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'ards the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Monsieur Tonson.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock,)

“ I'll ask,” says King, “ if Thompson lodges here.”
“ Thompson,” cries t'other, “ who the devil's he ?”
“ I know not,” King replies, “ but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear.”

After some time, a little Frenchman came ;
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they call'd *culotte*,
An old striped woollen night-cap graced his head,
A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread ;
Scarcely half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous smiled,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—
“ Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ;
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait ;
Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me ?”

“ Sir,” reply'd King, “ I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanced to-night to go,
(But, really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear,)
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here ?”

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find
The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spoke :
“ No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.”

Monsieur Tonson.

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed.

But King resolved not thus to drop the jest,
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before ;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door ;
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain ;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep :
The wag salutes him with a civil leer :
Thus drawing out to heighten the surprize,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes,
“ Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here ? ”

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright,—
“ Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night—
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere,)
“ No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so ;
Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursued his old career.
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
“ Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

Monsieur Tonson.

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster ;
Anxious, she strove his errand to enquire,
He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes ; he rises ; and he swears :
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attack'd him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
To his tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage began his crest to rear :
“ Sarc, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
Sarc, I inform you, sarc, three nights ago,
Got tam—I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here ! ”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,
Which would descend to chase the fiend away.
At length, to join their forces and agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Monsieur Tonson.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Utt'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood—
The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
 With " Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit:
They threw out water; for the watch they call;
But King expecting, still escapes from all—
 Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime,
 Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot.
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
" Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
" My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
 Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say!
He took his old abode that very day—
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!

Monsieur Tonson.

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears ;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seem'd the same,
With rushlight, as before, he, creeping, came,
And King's detested voice, astonish'd, hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
“ Begar ! here's Monsieur Tonson come again ! ”
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more !

THE LITERARY LADY.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.



THAT motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
Whom maids and metaphors conspire to vex !
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a household wit ;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her milliner and muse.
Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A checker'd wreck of notable and wise,
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet and obscure the glass :

The Literary Lady.

Unfinish'd, here an epigram is laid,
And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid.
There new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
There dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
A moral essay now is all her care,
A satire next ; and then, a bill of fare.



A scene she now projects, and now a dish ;
Here Act the First, and here, Remove with Fish.
Now, while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
That soberly casts up a bill for coals ;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and threads, and bowls, and thimbles mix.



THE CINDER-KING.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.



HO is it that sits in the kitchen, and weeps,
While tick goes the clock, and the tabby eat sleeps;
That watches the grate, without ceasing to spy,
Whether purses or coffins will out of it fly?"

'Tis Betty; who saw the false tailor, Bob Scott,
Lead a bride to the altar; which bride she was not:
'Tis Betty; determined, love from her to fling,
And woo, for his riches, the dark Cinder-King.

The Cinder-King.

Now spent tallow-candle-grease fatten'd the soil,
And the blue-burning lamp had half wasted its oil,
And the black-beetle boldly came crawling from far,
And the red coals were sinking beneath the third bar ;

When " one " struck the clock—and instead of the bird
Who used to sing cuckoo whene'er the clock stirr'd,
Out burst a grim raven, and utter'd " caw ! caw !"
While puss, though she 'woke, durst not put forth a claw.

Then the jack fell a-going as if one should sup,
Then the hearth rock'd as though it would swallow one up ;
With fuel from hell, a strange coal-scuttle came,
And a self-handled poker made fearful the flame.

A cinder shot from it, of size to amaze,
(With a bounce, such as Betty ne'er heard in her days,)
Thrice, serpent-like hiss'd, as its heat fled away,
And lo ! something dark in a vast coffin lay.

—" Come Betty !"—quoth croaking that non-descript thing.
—" Come bless the fond arms of your true Cinder-King !
Three more Kings, my brothers, are waiting to greet ye,
Who—don't take it ill !—must at four o'clock eat ye.

" My darling, it must be ! do make up your mind ;
We element brothers, united, and kind,
Have a feast and a wedding, each night of our lives,
So constantly sup on each other's new wives."—

In vain squall'd the cook-maid, and pray'd not to wed ;
Cinder crunch'd in her mouth, cinder rain'd on her head,
She sank in the coffin with cinders strewn o'er,
And coffin nor Betty saw man any more.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.



NO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to let" stare him full in the face :
Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated ;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated ;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same. And the next. And the next :
He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous and vex'd ;
Week past after week ; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him :
For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him.
He sent for a doctor ; and cried, like a ninny,
" I have lost many pounds. Make me well. There's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise :—" A slow fever," he said :
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
" Sudorifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, " are humbugs !
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs !"

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Will kick'd out the doctor :—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said :—" Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago ?

" Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will, with a grin,
" That with honest intentions you first took me in :
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord—" Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
I've let lodgings ten years ; I'm a baker, to boot ;
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

" The oven !" says Will. Says the host, " Why this passion ?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good Sir ?"—" Zounds !" cries Will, in a taking,
" Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking ?"

Will paid for his rooms :—cried the host, with a sneer,
" Well, I see you've been going away half a year."
" Friend, we can't well agree,—yet no quarrel"—Will said ;—
" But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."



THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.



MAN, in many a country town, we know.
 Professes openly with death to wrestle ;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But meet just like prize-fighters, in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother :
 So, many a suff'ring patient saith,
 Though the Apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A member of this Æsculapian line
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill,
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister,
Or draw a tooth out of your head,
Or chatter scandal by your bed,
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.* :
Yet, still, he thought the list not long enough ;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things :—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
In short, in reputation he was *solus* :
All the old women call'd him “ a fine man ! ”
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ;
Of poetry though patron-god,
Apollo patronises physie.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like Gay's Fables ;
Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

Apothecary's verse ! And where's the treason ?

'Tis simply honest dealing :—not a crime ;—
When patients swallow physie without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town,—it might be four ;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse ;
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse :—

*“ When taken,
To be well shaken.”*

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
And to the patient's house he goes ;—
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;
But that's of course :
For what's expected from a horse
With an Apothecary on his back ?
Bolus arrived ; and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance ;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers :
One loud, and then a little one behind ;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.

“ Well, how's the patient ? ” Bolus said.

John shook his head.

“ Indeed !—hum ! ha !—that's very odd !
He took the draught ? ” John gave a nod.

“ Well,—how ?—what then ?—speak out, you dunce ! ”

“ Why then,” says John, “ we *shook* him once.”

“ Shook him ! How ? ”—Bolus stammer'd out.

“ We jolted him about.”

“ Zounds ! Shake a patient, man !—a shake won't do.”

“ No, Sir,—and so we gave him *two*.”

“ Two shakes ! od's curse !

’Twould make the patient worse.”

“ It did so, Sir !—and so a third we tried.”

“ Well, and what then ? ”—“ Then, Sir, my master died.”



THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

PETER PINDAR.



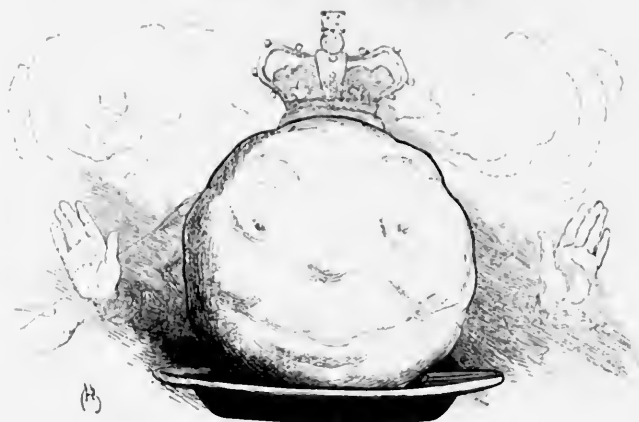
GROUP of topers at a table sat,
 With punch that much regales the thirsty soul :
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
 Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in ;
 And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
 Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd.

The Toper and the Flies.

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss—
Swearing, and in the attitude to smite :—
“ Lord !” cried the man with gravely-lifted eyes,
“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but *others might.*”



THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

PETER PINDAR.



ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tired with hooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless buck.

The horse and rider wet as muck,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman with her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot :
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo ! the Monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, " What's this ? what's this ? what ? what ? "

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,

His eyes with admiration did expand—

And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple :

“ ’Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed,” he cried :

“ What makes it, pray, so hard ?”—The dame replied,

Low curtsying, “ Please your Majesty, the apple.”

“ Very astonishing indeed !—strange thing !”

Turning the dumpling round, rejoin’d the King.

“ ’Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—

It beats Pinetti’s conjuring all to pieces—

Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—

But, Goody, tell me where, where, where’s the seam ?”

“ Sir, there’s no seam,” quoth she ; “ I never knew

That folks did apple dumplings sew.”—

“ No ?” cried the staring Monarch with a grin,

“ How, how the devil got the apple in ?”

Reader, thou likest not my tale—look’st blue—

Thou art a courtier—roarest “ Lies, Lies, Lies !”

Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—

I tell thee, roaring infidel, ’tis true.

Why should it not be true ? the greatest men

May ask a foolish question now and then—

This is the language of all ages :

Folly lays many a trap—we can’t escape it :

Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit* :

Then why not Kings, like me and other sages ?



THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

PETER PINDAR.



BRACE of sinners, for no good,
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
 And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
 With something in their shoes much worse than gravel :

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :

A nostrum, famous in old popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;
 A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its power exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray :
 But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners gallopp'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried —
 Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
 Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd hams and bended knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“ How now,” the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim broke,
 “ You lazy lubber !”
“ Odds curse it !” cried the other, “ 'tis no joke ;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
 Are now as soft as blubber.

“ Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear :
As for Loretto, I shall not get there ;

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

No ! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe.

“ But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain ?

What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes ?
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

“ How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn ye ? ”
“ Why,” cried the other, grinning, “ you must know,
That, just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.”

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE.

ROBERT BURNS.

MY curse upon thy venom'd stang,¹
That shoots my tortured gums along;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

O' a' the num'rous human dools,²
Ill har'sts,³ daft bargains, cutty-stools,
Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,⁴
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash⁵ o' fools—
Thou bear'st the gree.⁶

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
Among them a'!

¹ Pain.

² Sorrows.

³ Harvests.

⁴ Buried.

⁵ Trouble.

⁶ Palm.

Address to the Toothache.

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars⁷ the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe-thick,
Gie a' the faes⁸ o' Scotland's weal
 A townmond's⁹ toothache !

⁷ Makes.

⁸ Foes.

⁹ Year.

EPIGRAM.

JOHN DONNE.



HY flattering picture, Phryne, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.



NOTHING.

GOETHE. TRANSLATED BY J. S. DWIGHT.



'VE set my heart upon nothing, you see ;

Hurrah !

And so the world goes well with me.

Hurrah !

And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,

Why, let him take hold and help me drain

These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth ;

Hurrah !

And barter'd away my peace and health ;

But, ah !

Nothing.

The slippery change went about like air ;
And when I had clutch'd me a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next :
Hurrah !
For her sweet sake was oft perplex'd :
But, ah !
The false one look'd for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out,
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah !
And spurn'd our plain old fatherland ;
But, ah !
Nought seem'd to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame ;
Hurrah !
And, lo ! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name ;
And, ah !
When in public life I loom'd quite high,
The folks that pass'd me would look awry :
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war,
Hurrah !
We gain'd some battles with eclat.
Hurrah !
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,
And some of our friends fared quite the same.
I lost a leg for fame.

Nothing.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see ;

Hurrah !

And the whole wide world belongs to me.

Hurrah !

The feast begins to run low, no doubt ;

But at the old cask we'll have one good bout :

Come, drink the lees all out !

EPIGRAM.



O win the maid the Poet tries,
And sometimes writes to Julia's eyes ;—
She likes a *verse*—but, cruel whim,
She still appears *a-verse* to him.



THE DEVIL'S WALK.

RICHARD PORSON.



FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

The Devil's Walk.

And over the hill, and over the dale,
He walk'd, and over the plain ;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray how was the Devil drest ?
O ! he was in his Sunday's best ;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a little hole behind, where his tail came through.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill, beside his own stable ;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

An apothecary, on a white horse,
Rode by on his avocations—
“ Oh ! ” says the Devil, “ there's my old friend
Death in the revelations ! ”
He saw a cottage, with a double coach-house ;
A cottage of gentility !
And the Devil was pleased, for his darling vice
Is the pride that apes humility.

He stepp'd into a rich bookseller's shop ;
Says he, “ We are both of one college ;
For I, myself, sat, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by, on the Tree of Knowledge.”
As he pass'd through Cold-Bath-Fields, he saw
A solitary cell :
And the Devil was charm'd, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade ;
“ Ah ! nimble,” quoth he, “ do the fingers move
When they're used to their trade.”

The Devil's Walk.

He saw the same turnkey unfetter the same,
But with little expedition ;
And the Devil thought on the long debates
On the Slave Trade Abolition.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig, with vast celerity !
And the Devil grinn'd, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought, with a smile,
Of " England's commercial prosperity !"

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind.

The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How " Noah, and his creeping things,
Went up into the ark !"

General Gascoigne's burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to Hell his way did take ;
For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
'Twas the General Conflagration !¹

¹ One evening, at the house of the late Dr. Vincent, Professor Porson, being cut out at a whist table, was about to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent pressed him to stay, saying, " I know you will not stay, if you are doing nothing ; but the rubber will soon be over, when you may go in ; and, in the meantime, take a pen and ink at another table, and write us some verses." Dr. Vincent, in the midst of the game, seconded this request, and added, " I will give a subject. You shall suppose that the Devil is come up among us, to see what we are doing, and you shall tell us what observations he makes." Porson obeyed these injunctions, and this amusing *jeu-d'esprit* was the result. The Devil's Walk, with additions, has been claimed also for Coleridge and Southey.

DELIA'S POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.¹

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



IS mine ! what accents can my joy declare ?
Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout !
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the tempting corner hanging out.

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels—
For Delia's pocket-handkerchief is mine.

When first with filching fingers I drew near,
Keen hope shot tremulous through every vein ;
And when the finish'd deed removed my fear,
Scarcely could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What tho' the eighth commandment rose to mind,
It only served a moment's qualm to move ;
For thefts like this it could not be design'd——
The eighth commandment was not made for love !

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet ;
Dear napkin ! yes, she wiped her lips in thee !
Lips sweeter than the macaroons she eat.

¹ This is one of the "Love Elegies of Abel Shuffelbottom."

Delia's Pocket-handkerchief.

And when she took that pinch of Macabaw,
That made my love so delicately sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

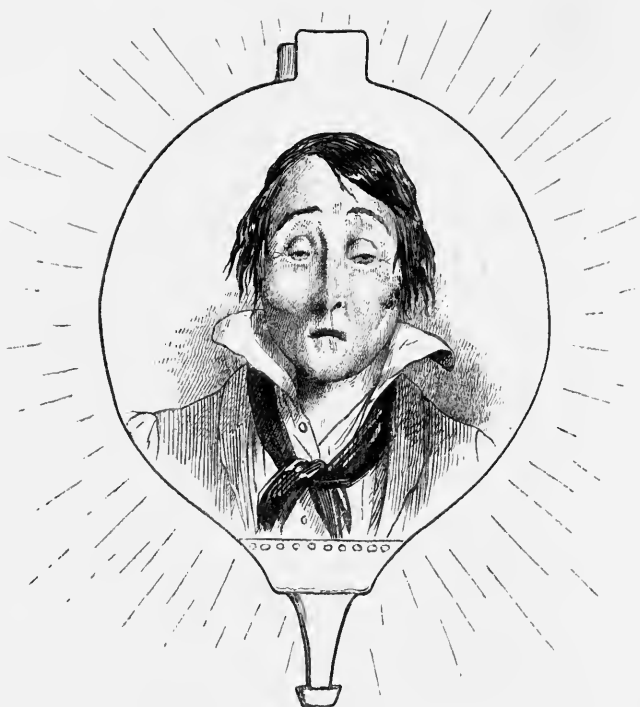
No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
Sweet pocket-handkerchief! thy worth profane;
For thou hast touch'd the rubies of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

A CONJUGAL CONUNDRUM.

[FROM PUNCH.]



WHICH is of greater value, prythee, say,
The Bride or Bridegroom?—must the truth be told?
Alas, it must! The Bride is given away—
The Bridegroom's often regularly sold.



COOL REFLECTIONS.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



SPARE me—spare me, Phœbus ! if, indeed,
 Thou hast not let another Phaëton
 Drive earthwards thy fierce steeds and fiery car :
 Mercy ! I melt ! I melt ! no tree, no bush,
 No shelter ! not a breath of stirring air,
 East, West, or North, or South ! Dear god of day,
 Put on thy nightcap ! erop thy locks of light,
 And be in the fashion ! turn thy back upon us,
 And let thy beams flow upward ; make it night

Cool Reflections.

Instead of noon ! one little miracle,
In pity, gentle Phœbus !

What a joy,
Oh, what a joy to be a seal, and flounder
On an ice island ! or to have a den
With the white bear, cavern'd in polar snow !
It were a comfort to shake hands with Death,
He has a rare cold hand ! to wrap one's self
In the gift shirt Deianeira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off ; or toast cheese for Beelzebub,
That were a cool employment to this journey,
Along a road whose white intensity
Would make platina uncongealable
Like quicksilver.

Were it midnight I should walk,
Self-lantern'd, saturate with sunbeams, Jove !
O, gentle Jove ! have mercy, and once more,
Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of heaven !
Give Boreas the wind-cholic, till he roars
For cardamum, and drinks down peppermint,
Making what's left as precious as Tokay.
Send Mercury to salivate the sky,
Till it dissolves in rain. O, gentle Jove !
By some such little kindness to a wretch,
Who feels his marrow spoiling his best coat,
Who swells with caloric, as if a Prester
Had leaven'd every limb with poison-yeast ;
Lend me thine eagle just to flap his wings,
And fan me, and I will build temples to thee,
And turn true Pagan.

Not a cloud nor breeze,
O, you most heathen Deities ! if ever
My bones reach home (for the flesh upon them,
That hath resolved itself into a dew),
I shall have learnt owl-wisdom. Thou vile Phœbus !
Set me a Persian sun-idolater

Cool Reflections.

Upon this turnpike road, and I'll convert him
With no Inquisitorial argument
But thine own fires. Now woe be to me, wretch,
That I was in a heretic country born !
Else might some mass for the poor souls that bleach,
And burn away the calx of their offences,
In that great Purgatory crucible,
Help me, O Jupiter ! my poor complexion !
I am made a copper-Indian of already,
And if no kindly cloud will parasol me
My very cellular membrane will be changed,
I shall be negrofied.

A brook ! a brook !

Oh, what a sweet cool sound !

'Tis very nectar !

It runs like life thro' every strengthen'd limb !

Nymph of the stream, now take my grateful prayer.



THE LOVER AND THE LAP-DOG.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

— medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.—*Lucret.*

LULIA was blest with beauty, wit, and grace :
 Small poets loved to sing her blooming face.
 Before her altars, lo ! a numerous train
 Preferr'd their vows ; yet all preferr'd in vain :
 Till charming Florio, born to conquer, came,
 And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.
 The flame she felt, and ill could she conceal
 What every look and action would reveal.

The Lover and the Lap-dog.

With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of marriage and of love ;
The course of hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.
Naught now remain'd but " Noes "—how little meant—
And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptured fell :—
The strange misfortune, oh ! what words can tell ?
Tell ! ye neglected sylphs ! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward ?
Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball ?
The favourite on his mistress casts his eyes,
Gives a melancholy howl, and—dies !

Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest !
Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
Her eyes she fix'd on guilty Florio first,
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fled :—he woos a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
"Twere vain to tell how Julia pined away ;—
Unhappy fair, that in one luckless day
(From future almanacks the day be cross'd !)
At once her lover and her lap-dog lost !

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

A DIALOGUE IN SAPPHICS BY GEORGE CANNING.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.¹



NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

“Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike—
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day ‘Knives and
Scissars to grind O!’

“Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

“Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

“ (Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.”

¹ The “Friend of Humanity” was intended for Mr Tierney, M. P. for South-wark, who in early times was among the more forward of the Reformers. He was an assiduous member of the “Society of Friends of the People.”

The Knife-grinder.



KNIFE-GRINDER.

“ Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,

The Knife-grinder.

This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

“ Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

“ I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.”

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

“ I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance —
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !”

[*Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of
Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]



THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

GEORGE CANNING.



W HENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*

Sweet kerchief, cheék'd with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in!—
 Alas! Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line ROGERO clanks his chains in cadence.*

The University of Gottingen.

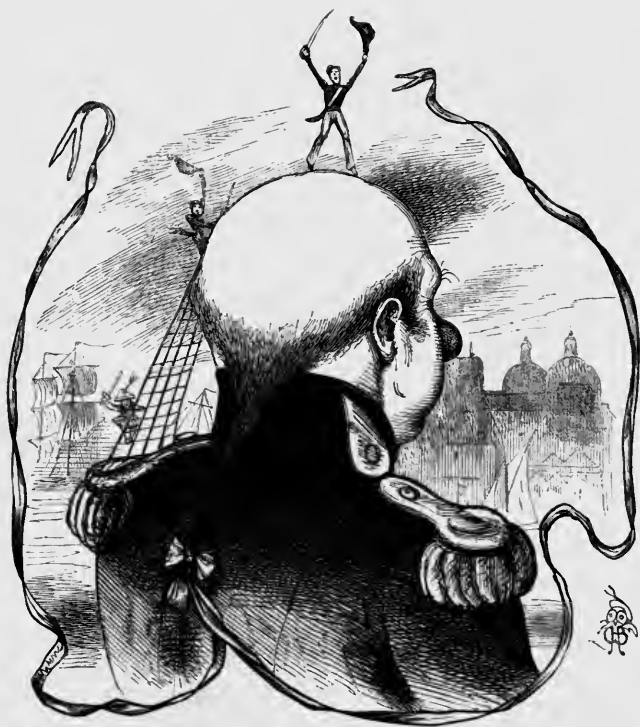
Barbs ! Barbs ! alas ! how swift you flew
Her neat post-waggon trotting in !
Ye bore Matilda from my view ;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form ! this pallid hue !
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I enter'd at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet ! sweet Matilda Pottingen !
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
—tor, law professor at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in :
Here doom'd to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen—
—niversity of Gottingen.

[*During the last stanza ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison ; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion ; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops ; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*



BEN BLOCK.

THOMAS DIBDIN.

BEN BLOCK was a vet'ran of naval renown,
 And renown was his only reward ;
 For The Board still neglected his merits to crown,
 As no int'rest he held with my lord.
 Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy Old Ben,
 And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar :
 When the death-dealing broadside made worm's meat of men,
 And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Ben Block.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke
The staunch tar to despise scanty prog ;
For his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,
And drown care in a jorum of grog.
Thus, year after year, in a subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled ;
Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When, on humbly saluting, with sinciput bare,
A First Lord of the Admiralty once ;
Says his lordship, " Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair,
Since I last had a peep at your seonce."
" Why, my lord," replied Ben, " it with truth may be said,
While a bald pate I long have stood under,
There have so many captains walk'd over my head,
That to see me quite scalp'd 'twere no wonder."



ODE TO THE TREAD-MILL.

CHARLES LAMB.

I.



INSPIRE my spirit, Spirit of De Foe,
That sang the Pillory,
In loftier strains to show
A more sublime Machine
Than that, where thou wert seen
With neck out-stretcht and shoulders ill awry,
Courting coarse plaudits from vile crowds below—
A most unseemly show !

II.

In such a place
Who could expose thy face,
· Historiographer of deathless Crusoe !
That paint'st the strife
And all the naked ills of savage life.
Far above Rousseau ?

Ode to the Treadmill.

Rather myself had stood
In that ignoble wood,
Bare to the mob, on holyday or high day.
If nought else could atone
For waggish libel,
I swear on Bible,
I would have spared him for thy sake alone,
Man Friday !

III.

Our ancestors' were sour days,
Great Master of Romance !
A milder doom had fallen to thy chance
In our days :
Thy sole assignment
Some solitary confinement,
(Not worth thy care a carrot,)
Where, in world-hidden cell
Thou thy own Crusoe might have acted well,
Only without the parrot ;
By sure experience taught to know,
Whether the qualms thou makest him feel were truly such or no.

IV.

But stay ! methinks in statelier measure—
A more companionable pleasure—
I see thy steps the mighty Tread-Mill trace,
(The subject of my song,
Delay'd however long,)
And some of thine own race,
To keep thee company, thou bring'st with thee along.
There with thee go,
Link'd in like sentence,
With regulated pace and footing slow,
Each old acquaintance,
Rogue thief—that live to future ages
Through many a labour'd tome,

Ode to the Treadmill.

Rankly embalm'd in thy too natural pages.
Faith, friend De Foe, thou art quite at home !
Not one of thy great offspring thou dost lack,
From pirate Singleton to pilfering Jack.
Here Flandrian Moll her brazen incest brags ;
Vice-stript Roxana penitent in rags,
There points to Amy, treading equal chimes,
The faithful handmaid to her faithless crimes.

V.

Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill !
That by thy motion proper
(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill,)
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences,
That were begrimed before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.
All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human or divine.

VI.

Compared with thee,
What are the labours of that Jumping Sect,
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect ?
Thou dost not bump,
Or jump,
But *walk* men into virtue ; betwixt crime
And slow repentance giving breathing time
And leisure to be good ;
Instructing with discretion demi-reps
How to direct their steps.

VII.

Thou best philosopher made out of wood !
Not that which framed thy tub,

Ode to the Treadmill.

Where sate the Cynic cub,
With nothing in his bosom sympathetic ;
But from those groves derived, I deem,
Where Plato nursed his dream
Of immortality ;
Seeing that clearly
Thy system all is merely
Peripatetic.
Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give
Of how to live
With temperance, sobriety, morality,
(A new art,)
That from thy school, by force of virtuous deeds,
Each Tyro now proceeds
A " Walking Stewart !"



MALBROOCK.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MALBROOCK, the prince of commanders,
Is gone to the war in Flanders ;
His fame is like Alexander's ;
But when will he ever come home ?
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
Perhaps he may come at Easter,
Egad ! he had better make haste, or
We fear he may never come.
Mironton, &c.

For Trinity Feast is over,
And has brought no news from Dover,
And Easter is pass'd, moreover,
And Malbroock still delays.

Malbroock.

Milady in her watch-tower
Spends many a pensive hour,
Not knowing why or how her
 Dear lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
That tower, she spies returning
A page clad in deep mourning,
 With fainting steps and slow.

“ O page, prithee come faster !
What news do you bring of your master ?
I fear there is some disaster,
 Your looks are so full of woe.”

“ The news I bring, fair lady,”
With sorrowful accent said he,
“ Is one you are not ready
 So soon, alas ! to hear.

“ But since to speak I’m hurried,”
Added this page, quite flurried,
“ Malbroock is dead and buried !”
 And here he shed a tear.

“ He’s dead ! He’s dead as a herring !
For I beheld his *berring*,
And four officers transferring
 His corpse away from the field.

“ One officer carried his sabre,
And he carried it not without labour,
Much envying his next neighbour,
 Who only bore a shield.

Malbroock.

“ The third was helmet bearer—
That helmet which on its wearer
Fill’d all who saw it with terror,
And cover’d a hero’s brains.

“ Now having got so far, I
Find, that—by the Lord Harry !—
The fourth is left nothing to carry ;—
So there the thing remains.”
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.



THE LITTLE MAN ALL IN GREY.

J. P. DE BERANGER. TRANSLATED BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

IN Paris a queer little man you may see,
A little man all in grey ;
Rosy and round as an apple is he,
Content with the present, whate'er it may be,
While from care and from cash he is equally free.
And merry both night and day !
“ *Ma foi !* I laugh at the world,” says he,—
“ I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me ! ”
What a gay little man in grey !

He runs after the girls, like a great many more,
This little man all in grey ;
He sings, falls in love and in debt o'er and o'er,
And drinks without wasting a thought on the score ;

The Little Man all in Grey.

And then in the face of a dun shuts his door,

Or keeps out of the bailiff's way.

“ *Ma foi !* I laugh at the world,” says he,—

“ I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me !”

What a gay little man in grey !

When the rain comes in through the broken panes,

This little man all in grey

Goes to bed content, and never complains,

And, though winter be chilling the blood in his veins,

Blows his frost-bitten fingers, and merrily feigns

Not to care for a fire to-day !

“ *Ma foi !* I laugh at the world,” says he,—

I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me !”

What a gay little man in grey !

The prettiest wife one need wish to possess

Has this little man all in grey ;

But the world *will* talk, and I must confess

That her exquisite taste, and her elegant dress

Lead others to wonder—perhaps to guess

That her lovers, perchance, may pay.

Still her husband looks on. “ *Ma foi !*” says he,—

“ I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me !”

What a gay little man in grey !

Now rack'd by the gout, on his comfortless bed

Lies this little man all in grey ;

And the priest, with his book and his shaven head,

Comes and talks of the devil, the grave, and the dead,

Till the sick man's patience is wholly fled,

And he frightens the priest away !

“ *Ma foi !* I laugh at the devil,” says he,—

“ I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me !”

What a gay little man in grey !



THE PLAYHOUSE IN FLAMES.

HORACE SMITH.

AS Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes,
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The Playhouse is in flames!"

The Playhouse in Flames.

And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends

To every window pane :

Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels, sport

A bright ensanguined drain :

Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height

Where patent shot they sell :

The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket-porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,

And Richardson's Hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white, and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.

To those who on the hills around

Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,

As from a lofty altar rise ;

It seem'd that nations did conspire

To offer to the God of fire

Some vast stupendous sacrifice !

The summon'd firemen woke at call,

And hied them to their stations all.

Starting from short and broken snooze,

Each sought his ponderous hobnail'd shoes.

But first his worsted hosen plied,

Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,

His nether bulk embraced ;

Then jacket thick of red or blue,

The Playhouse in Flames.

Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
 In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
 Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross, along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.
His name was Higginbottom ; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
 The others came in view ;
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,
The Exchange, where old insurers run,
 The Eagle, where the new :
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins, from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
 Crump, from St. Giles's Pound :
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins, from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
 Before the Plug was found.
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
 Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;

The Playhouse in Flames.

Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, "Heads below!"

Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing, rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruin's volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from th' astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When, lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd.

And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in sign of woe,
"A Muggins, to the rescue, ho!"

And pour'd the hissing tide;
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;

The Playhouse in Flames.

But ah ! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave !
'Mid blazing beams and sealding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggius broke before ;
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved ;
“ Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps ;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps !
What are they fear'd on ? fools ! 'od rot 'em ! ”
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

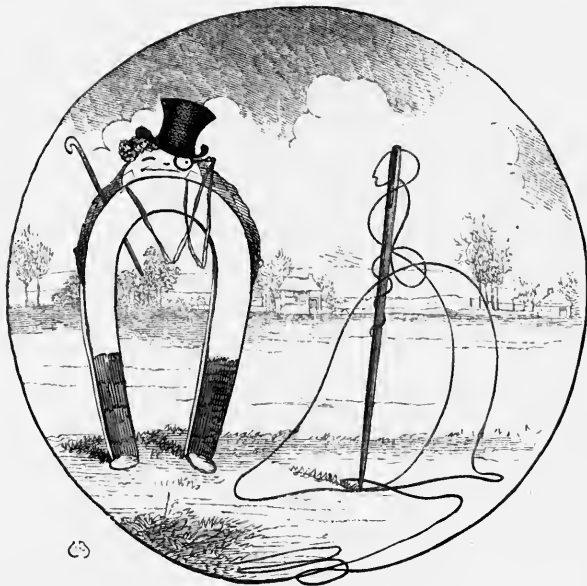
SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹



F yore, in Old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood :
What should folks say to *you*? who have faces so plenty,
That from under one hood you last night show'd us twenty !
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth ?
Man, woman or child—a dog or a mouse ?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house ?
Each live thing did I ask ?—each dead implement, too,
A workshop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw !
Above all, are you one individual ?—I know
You must be, at least, Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop, an assemblage, a mob,
And that I, as the sheriff,² should take up the job :
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot-act, and bid you disperse !

¹ Addressed to Monsieur Alexandre, a popular ventriloquist.

² Sir Walter Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire.



MINERVA'S THIMBLE.

THOMAS MOORE.



YOUNG Jessica sat all the day,
 In love-dreams languishingly pining.
 Her needle bright neglected lay,
 Like truant genius idly shining.
 Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
 That love and mischief are most nimble ;
 The safest shield against the darts
 Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

A child, who with a magnet play'd,
 And new its winning ways so wily,
 The magnet near the needle laid,
 And laughing, said, " We'll steal it sily."


Minerva's Thimble.

The needle, having naught to do,
Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
And off, at length, eloped the needle.

Now, had this needle turn'd its eye
To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had stray'd from duty's tie,
Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
Your snowy fingers must be nimble ;
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble.

A PUBLISHER'S EPISTLE.

THOMAS MORE.

ER post, sir, we send your MS.—look'd it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, sir !—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell.
And though *statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *author* 'tis not so desirable thought.

Hard times, sir,—most books are too dear to be read—
Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
Not even such names as F—tzg—r—d's can sink it !

However, sir—if you're for trying again,
And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marrying lately,
The trade is in want of a *traveller* greatly—
No job, sir, more easy—your *country* once plann'd,
A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
Puts your quarto of Travels, sir, clean out of hand.

An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
Or—supposing you've nothing *original* in you—
Write parodies, sir, and such fame it will win you,

A Publisher's Epistle.

You'll get to the blue-stocking routs of Albinia !
(Mind—*not* to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* muse
Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *blues*.)
Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
The deuce is in't, sir, if you cannot *review* !

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for *the Row*,)
Having quitted the Borders, to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long quarto stages, to town ;
And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay)
Means to *do* all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh poet through Highgate to *meet* him ;
Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
May do a few villas, before Sc—tt approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not eurst shabby,
He'll reach, without found'ring, at least Woburn-Abbey.
Such, sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
'Tis a match ! and we'll put you *in training* next week.
At present, no more—in reply to this letter, a
Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera.

Temple of the Muses.



THE DEMON-SHIP.

THOMAS HOOD.



WAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!

It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.

The Demon-Ship.

Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail !
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail !
What darksome caverns yawn'd before ! what jagged steeps behind !
Like battle steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place ;
As black as night—they turn'd to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's shroud :—
Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one !
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last !
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave ;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness to a wave !
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine !
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine !
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;
The waters closed—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam !
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

“ Where am I ? in the breathing world, or in the world of death ? ”
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a real ship whose tackle seem'd around ?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft ?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone ;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own ?

Oh ! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night !
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—

The Demon-Ship.

Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light !
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark :
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark ;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all, was black except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves !
Oh, horror ! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves !

“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what dreadful lake ?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal ?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul !
Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see :
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea ! ”

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole :—
“ Our skins,” said he, “ are black ye see, because we carry coal ;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields ! ”



FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

THOMAS HOOD.

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade ;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew ;
 And Sally she did faint away,
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.

Faithless Sally Brown.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

“Come, girl,” said he, “hold up your head,
He’ll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be.”

So when they’d made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

“And is he gone, and is he gone?”
She cried, and wept outright:
“Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.”

A waterman came up to her,
“Now, young woman,” said he,
“If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.”

“Alas! they’ve taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;”
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she’d said, Gee woe!

Says he, “They’ve only taken him
To the Tender-ship, you see.”
“The Tender-ship,” cried Sally Brown,
“What a hard-ship that must be!

“Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I’d follow him;

Faithless Sally Brown.

But, oh !—I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

“ Alas ! I was not born beneath
The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world ;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all her sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

“ Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow !”

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing “ All's Well,”
But could not, though he tried ;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth, *e/*
At forty-odd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.



SPRING. A NEW VERSION.

THOMAS HOOD.

"Ham. The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and eager air."—HAMLET.



OME, *gentle* Spring! *ethereal mildness*, come!"

Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,

How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?

There's no such season.

Spring.

The Spring ! I shrink and shudder at her name !
For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter !
And suffer from her *blows*, as if they came
From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,
And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,
Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*
Pour'd down their shoulders !

Let others eulogize her floral shows ;
From me they cannot win a single stanza.
I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's
The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,
Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,
Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,
Are things I sneeze at !

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year !
And fair its early buddings and its blowings—
But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear
With other sowings !

For me, I find, when eastern winds are high,
A frigid, not a genial inspiration ;
Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chub, defy
An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh ! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's ?

Spring.

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough ;
And quake with Ague, that great agitator ;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My respirator.

What wonder if, in May itself, I lack
A peg for laudatory verse to hang on ?—
Spring, mild and gentle !—yes, a Spring-heel'd Jack
To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted !

A COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY.

LORD BYRON.



THE gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt: the young, because they liked the sport—
The first thing boys like after play and fruit;
The middle-aged, to make the day more short;
For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
Or saunter'd through the gardens piteously,
And made upon the hot-house several strictures,
Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

But none were “*géné:*” the great hour of union
Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion,
Or solitary, as they chose to bear
The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

A Country House Party.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walk'd ; if foul, they read, or told a tale,
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad ;
Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail,
And settled bonnets by the newest code,
Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.
The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly heaven—because it never ends.
I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon :—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

Then there were billiards ; cards, too, but *no* dice ;—
Save in the clubs no man of honour plays ;—
Boats when 'twas water, skating when 'twas ice,
And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days :
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says :
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

With evening came the banquet and the wine ;
The conversazione ; the duct,
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine ;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
For then the gentlemen were rather tired)

A Country House Party.

Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze ;
Then there was small-talk ready when required ;
Flirtation—but decorous ; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be admired.
The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
And then retreated soberly—at ten.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres :
The wits watch'd every loophole for their art,
To introduce a bon-mot head and ears ;
Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it ;
And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

But all was gentle and aristoeratic
In this our party ; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
There now are no Squire Westerns as of old ;
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

They separated at an early hour ;
That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon :
But in the country ladies seek their bower
A little earlier than the waning noon.
Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
May the rose call back its true colour soon !
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters.

CAPTAIN PATON.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.



TOUCH once more a sober measure, and let punch and tears
be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows that alack-a-day is dead,
A prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Salt-market in sorrow, grief, and wo ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches, were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour, or a modest genty drab,
The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles, of the cambrie fine, were whiter than the snow ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

His hair was curl'd in order at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that round his ears did run,
In front there was a toupee, that some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue that did o'er his shoulders flow ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Captain Paton.



And whenever we foregather'd he took off his wee three cockit,
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box, which he drew from his side-pocket,

Captain Paton.

And on Burdett or Bonaparte he'd make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

In dirty days he pickèd well his footsteps with his rattan,
Oh ! you ne'er could see the smallest speck on the shoes of Captain Paton ;
And on entering the coffee-room at *two*, all men would know,
They would see him with his Courier in the middle of the row ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Now and then upon a Sunday he invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop, which his maid dress'd very fine,
There was also a little Malmsey, and a bottle of Bourdeaux,
Which between me and the Captain pass'd nimbly to and fro ;
Oh, I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo !

Or, if a bowl was mention'd, the Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly to the West Port run, and a stoup of water bring ;
Then he would mix the genuine stuff, as they made it long ago,
With limes, that on his property in Trinidad did grow ;
Oh, we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's punch no mo !

Then all the time he would discourse so sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon he heard from Dr. Porteous,
Or some little bit of scandal about Mrs. So-and-so,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard the *con* but not the *pro* ;
Oh, we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo !

And when the candles were brought forth, and the night was fairly
 setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories, about Minden field or Dettingen,
How he fought with a French major, and dispatch'd him at a blow,
While the blood ran out like water on the soft grass below ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Captain Paton.

But at length the Captain sicken'd, and grew worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room, from which now he stay'd away,
On Sabbaths too the wee kirk made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence of our venerable beau ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

And in spite of all that Cleghorn and Corkindale could do,
'Twas plain, from twenty symptoms, that death was in his view,
So the Captain made his testament, and submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk,—'tis the way we all must go ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Touch once more a sober measure, and let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows that alack-a-day is dead,
A prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Salt-market in sorrow, grief, and wo ;
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !



THE RED FISHERMAN.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

“ Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! ”
ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE Abbot arose, and closed his hood,
And donn'd his sandal shoon,
And wander'd forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon :
A starlight sky was o'er his head,

The Red Fisherman.

A quiet breeze around ;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound :
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight ;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds :
He clasp'd his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads ;
If he look'd to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there ;
If he open'd his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,
He had sway'd the crosier well ;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loth to tell.
Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers !

But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head ;
He did not mark how the mossy path

The Red Fisherman.

Grew damp beneath his tread ;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless ;
From the river stream it spread away
The space of half a rood ;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood ;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul ;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl ;
The water was as dark as rank
As ever a company pump'd ;
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jump'd ;
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy ;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was the " Devil's Decoy !"
The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree :
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan ?

“ Oh ho, Oh ho !

Above, below

Lightly and brightly they glide and go ;
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping ;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy !”
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He look'd to the left and he look'd to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him ?
’Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,

The Red Fisherman.

And the life blood colder run :
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legg'd stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod ;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;
His arms and his legs were long and bare ;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be Time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double—
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivell'd that tawny skin,
Till it hardly cover'd the bones within.
The line the abbot saw him throw
Had been fashion'd and form'd long ages ago,
And the hands that work'd his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :
You would have sworn, as you look'd on them,
He had fish'd in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentil, worm or fly—
It seem'd not such to the Abbot's eye :
Gaily it glitter'd with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fasten'd a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within and a chain without ;
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin
And the water fizz'd as it tumbled in !

The Red Fisherman.

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth—
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed and clang of steel ;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone ;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony !

Cold by this was the midnight air ;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster ;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camp'd that night on Bosworth plain,
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies ;
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell ;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guess'd the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company—
Sprightly story, wicket jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,

The Red Fisherman.

Flow of wine, and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork :
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said !

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat ;
And the priest was ready to vomit,
When he haul'd out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
“ A capital stew,” the fisherman said,
“ With cinnamon and sherry !”
And the Abbot turn'd away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmund's Bury !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odours roll'd,
That the Abbot fell on his face and fainted,
And deem'd his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seem'd dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smother'd sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales :
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words :

The Red Fisherman.

“ Smile, lady, smile !—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile !—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile !—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin ?
Or who would reign o’er vale and hill,
If woman’s heart were rebel still ?”

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair ;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
“ Ah ha !” said the fisher, in merry guise,
“ Her gallant was hook’d before ;”
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had bless’d those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside ;
A minstrel’s harp, and a miser’s chest,
A hermit’s cowl, and a baron’s crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was press’d from the Burgundy vine ;
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop’s mitre !

The Red Fisherman.

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the fisherman arm'd his golden hook ;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or waken'd thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are crack'd and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die !
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numb'd the sense and will
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still !
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance ;
Fix'd as the monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;
But he sign'd—he knew not why or how—
The sign of the Cross on his clumsy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalk'd away with his iron box.

“ Oh ho, Oh ho !

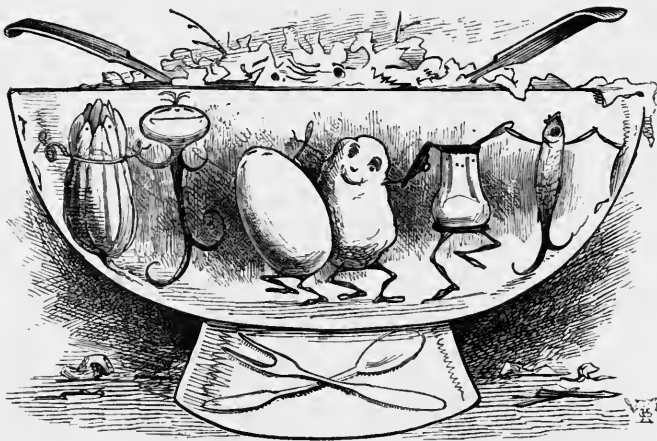
The cock doth crow ;

It is time for the fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine !
He hath gnaw'd in twain my choicest line ;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !”

The Abbot had preach'd for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against emancipation ;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;
He kept the court an hour awake,

The Red Fisherman.

And the king himself three-quarters :
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammer'd and he stutter'd,
As if an axe went through his head,
With every word he utter'd,
He stutter'd o'er blessing, he stutter'd o'er ban,
He stutter'd, drunk or dry ;
And none but he and the fisherman
Could tell the reason why !



SALAD.

SYDNEY SMITH.



O make this condiment, your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boil'd eggs ;
 Two boil'd potatoes, pass'd through kitchen-sieve,
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give ;
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, half-suspected, animate the whole.
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
 Distrust the condiment that bites too soon ;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
 To add a double quantity of salt.
 And, lastly, o'er the flavour'd compound toss
 A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
 Oh, green and glorious ! Oh, herbaceous treat !
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat ;

Salad.

Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day!"



THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).



WAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?—
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

The Little Vulgar Boy.

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy—he deem'd I meant to scoff—
And, when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off;”
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

“Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking nine,” I said,
“An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold—oh! fie!—
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throb'd with agony—he cried like any thing!
I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—“Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma'!”

“My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor ‘brown’ to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

“If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!” (he was a vulgar Boy;)
“And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd intent
To jump, as Mr. Levi did, from off the Monu-ment!”

“Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!” I kindly said,
“You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey 'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!”

“Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes on the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home,—you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2.”

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside “The Foy,”
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—

The Little Vulgar Boy.

And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
“ Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X !”

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she “ did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys.”
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,
Said I might “ go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself !”

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call “ a Bob”)—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, “ A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild !”

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there !
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa, too,—
I said, “ You little vulgar Boy ! why, what's become of you ?”

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea ;
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear !
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Mackintosh !—it was not to be seen !
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with green ;
My carpet-bag, my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
My roast potatoes !—all are gone !—and so 's that vulgar Boy !

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
“ —Oh, Mrs. Jones ! what *do* you think ?—ain't this a pretty go ?
—That horrid little vulgar Boy, whom I brought here to-night,
—He's stolen my things and run away !”—Says she, “ And sarve you right !”

* * * * *

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so ;
But when the Crier cried, “ O yes !” the people cried, “ O no !”

The Little Vulgar Boy.

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down ;
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!" what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me ; what could he mean ?
With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turn'd up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"
—It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitch'd his trowsers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
—It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning swim away
In Captain Large's Royal George about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, we calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said "he'd done me wery brown," and "nicely *stow'd* the *swag*."
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track ;
He ask'd me if "I did not wish that I might get it back ?"
I answer'd, "To be sure I do!—it's what I come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out ?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "done me brown."
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

The Little Vulgar Boy.

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Mackintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ;
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
"BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL
WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fix'd abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blow'd!"
Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!



THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

ALBERT SMITH.



THE very last guests have departed ;
The candles burnt into thin air :
The ball-room is dark and deserted,
And silent again is the square.
The band, tired of playing and blowing,

The Belle of the Ball.

Are wishing Herr Kœnig good night,
And Gunter's assistants are going,
Assured that their plate is all right ;
And somebody says it is snowing,
And there's not one hack cab left in sight.

The page in the study is lying
Asleep on the dining-room chairs,
And the housemaids to slumber are trying,
And the butler is tipsy down stairs ;
And the love-birds, who long have been blinking,
Quite scared by the music and light,
And e'en the canaries are thinking,
At last, that it must be the night,
And, tired of chuffing and winking,
Are tucking their heads out of sight.

And she, the fair queen of the numbers
Who came to that beautiful ball,
Perhaps thinks now of me in her slumbers,
And perhaps—horrid thought—not at all.
In nights of such unalloy'd pleasure
Why cannot existence be pass'd ?
To laugh at all power and treasure,
If life could be always so fast ;
To spend years in a Polka's gay measure,
And die of a Sturm-march at last !

I think that I made an impression,
Because in the course of the night,
Whilst polking, she made a confession,
That she liked to be held rather tight.
Then, what her mamma had just told her
Not minding, but, taking some ice,
Just putting a scarf on her shoulder,
Because the cold stairs were " so nice !"

The Belle of the Ball.

And afterwards, grown somewhat bolder,
We waltz'd down some wall-flowers twice.

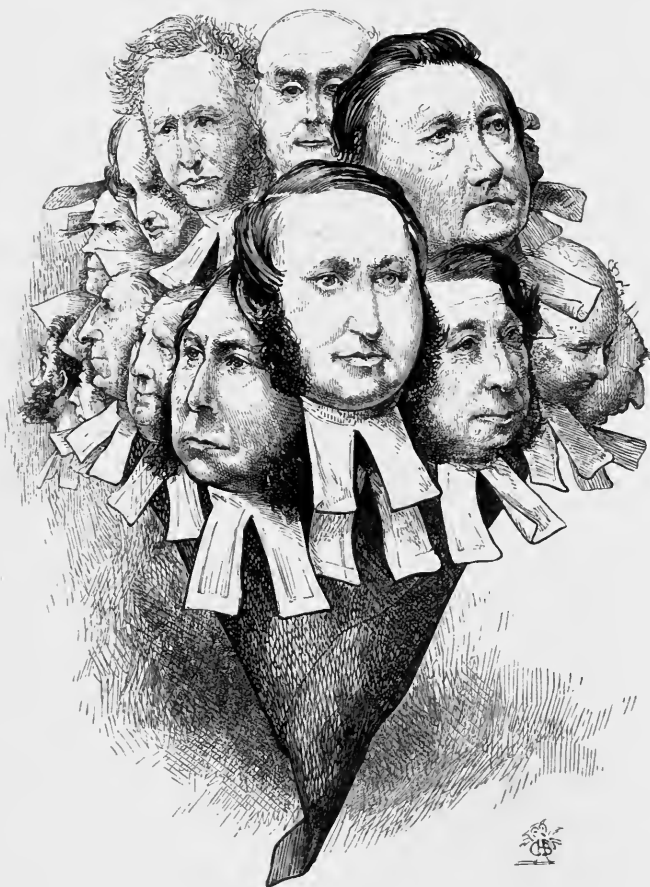
When Vane coarsely said she was "stunning,"
He wanted to stand in my shoes ;
She gave me a *deux temps* twice running,
And threw over one of the Blues.
And then she got rid of her brother
So well, when the supper-time came ;
And then we kept by one another :
At one time our plate was the same,
A very long way from her mother,
Conceal'd by a *panier du crème*.

She told me she loved lobster salad,
And rode in the park every day,
And doted on Hayes's last ballad,
And Tennyson's "Queen of the May ;"
And she pull'd cracker bonbons, and flirted,
And laugh'd when I made a vile pun ;
And when all my wit I exerted,
She said I was "capital fun ;"
Till the ladies the table deserted,
And she was, I think, the last one !

How dreadfully hot ! I am tumbling
And tossing, and can't get to sleep ;
And over the streets the dull rumbling
Of wheels is beginning to creep :
And all round the room I am whirling
The women and lights, and I'm dinn'd
By König, who plays to their twirling
The Olga, and Bridal, and Lind,
And long tresses, no longer curling,
Are floating about in the wind.

The Belle of the Ball.

I wish I could marry—it's shocking
That my income will not carry two ;
Oh dear, at my door there's a knocking,
And I have not slept the night through !
I must dress then as well as I can,
And trudge to that horrid Whitehall,
The Treasury work is so heavy,
The salary, too, is so small ;
And so there's an end to romancing ;—
Adieu to the Belle of the Ball !



THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE.

LORD MACAULAY.

AS I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.

The Country Gentleman's Trip to Cambridge.

I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
“As sure as a gun, sir,” said she,
“That must be the knock of the post.”

A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
’Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.
“Dear sir, as I know you desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

“It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the Ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.
To assist this detestable scheme
Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover.

“An army of grim Cordeliers,
Well furnish’d with relics and vermin,
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
To effect what their chiefs may determine.
Lollard’s bower, good authorities say,
Is again fitted up for a prison;
And a wood-merchant told me to-day
’Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

“The finance scheme of Canning contains
A new Easter-offering tax;
And he means to devote all the gains
To a bounty on thumb-screws and racks.
Your living, so neat and compact—
Pray, don’t let the news give you pain!—

The Country Gentleman's Trip to Cambridge.

Is promised, I know for a fact,
To an olive-faced Padre from Spain."

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
Sore wounded with horror and pity ;
So I flew, with all possible speed,
To our Protestant champion's committee.
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred !
No fleecing ! no distance ! no scorn !
They ask after my wife who is dead,
And my children who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
Call'd our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
And assail'd him with scandalous stories,
Till the coach for the voters was ready.
That coach might be well call'd a casket
Of learning and brotherly love :
There were parsons in boot and in basket ;
There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches ;
A smug chaplain of plausible air,
Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.
Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who, with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the Post
That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup ;
Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup ;
Dr. Rosygill puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration ;
Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning
The beast in St. John's Revelation.

The Country Gentleman's Trip to Cambridge.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road ;
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion,
Which almost each syllable show'd :
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution ;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution ;

How the Bishop of Norwich had barter'd
His faith for a legate's commission ;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stoop'd to a base coalition ;
How Papists are eased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel ;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touch'd and excited
By a subject so direly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talk'd at a time ;
And in tones, which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey pass'd pleasantly o'er,
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began ;
From that time I remember no more.
At Ware he commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones ;
And when next I regain'd recollection
We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones.



SIR WILKINS ET SA DINAH.

ADAPTED FOR A FRENCH AUDIENCE BY L. W. DESANGES, ESQUIRE.



E Londres un négociant habitait la ville,
 Il n'eût qu'un seul enfant, belle douce et bonne fille,
 Elle s'appelait Dinah, et n'eût que seize ans,
 Et une fortune superbe en or et en argent,
 Chantant tûrâl lûl lûrâl lûl lûrâl lûl.

Un matin se promenait cette demoiselle,
 Son papa vient vers elle, et lui dit : " O ma belle,

Sir Wilkins et sa Dinah.

Endimanches toi, Dinah, sois gentille aussi,
Et je t'amenerai un fort joli petit mari,
Chantant tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c."

Chœur des parents indulgents :—Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c.

(*Parlé.*) Voilà ce que répond mademoiselle avec modestie accompagnée de grace infinie :—

" O Papa," répond Dinah, " je n'ai nulle envie
De te quitter si tôt pour ce petit mari,
Et toute ma belle fortune je te donne, mon Papa,
Pour deux ou trois années de doux célibat,
Chantant tūrāl, &c."

Chœur des jeunes innocentes qui ont le mariage en horreur :—
Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c.

(*Parlé.*) Remarquez le courroux du papa courroucé.

" Va t'en, fille impudique," papa fait réponse,
" Si au projet de ce mariage tu y renonce,
A ton cousin le plus proche je donnerai tous tes biens,
Et toi, ma belle Dinah, tu n'en auras plus rien
Qu'à chanter tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c."

Chœur des parents indignés :—Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c.

TOME SECOND.

Sir Wilkins.

(*Parlé.*) Sir Wilkins est un jeune Lord Maire, titre Anglais héréditaire.

Sir Wilkins se promenait du jardin au fond,
Que voit-il !!! Sa Dinah morte sur le gazon,
Près d'elle gît une coupe de poison tout froid,
Et une lettre qui dit qu'elle est morte pour Wilkins, je crois,
Chantant tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c.

Sir Wilkins et sa Dinah.

Chœur de demoiselles mortes pour l'amour—chœur en grand silence:—
Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c.

(*Parlé.*) Voilà ce que fait l'amant malheureux.

De mille baisers il couvre le cadavre cheri,
“ Attens,” dit-il, “ Dinah, ton petit mari.”
Il boit le poison, son âme part au galop,
Et Vilikins et Dinah n'occupent qu'un tombeau.

Tous les deux chantant en chœur un chœur en chantant,
Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, &c.

MORALE.

Mesdemoiselles soyez avertis avant
Que de désobéir à papa ou à maman,
Et jeunes gens, soyez prudents de vos doux regards,
Et—et—et, ma foi ! et n'arrivez pas
Au rendezvous, comme Vilikins, trop tard.

Autrement vous pourrez être condamnés à chanter à perpétuité cette
chançon lugubre (*c'est lesté*), mais ça n'a pas de rapport du tout avec les
chançons célestes des anges :

Tūrāl lū lūrāl lūl lūrāl lāla.



THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS-SHAY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happen'd without delay,
Searing the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down.

The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay.

And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss-shay.
Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;¹
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—

¹ Shafts.

The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay.

Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he " put her through."—
" There !" said the Deacon, " naow she'll dew !"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !
Colts grew horses, beards turn'd gray,
Deacon and deaconness dropp'd away,
Children and grand-children—where were they ?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
" Hahnsum kerriage" they call'd it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
Running as usual ; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay.

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree² neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring, and axle, and hub³ *encore*.
And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be worn out !

First of November, 'fifty-five ;
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.
“ Huddup ! ” said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopp'd perplex'd
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the earthquake-shock !
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around ?

² Splinter-bar.

³ Nave.

The Wonderful One-Hoss-Shay.

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE BALLAD OF ELIZA DAVIS.

W. M. THACKERAY.



ALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the Pleace Hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the Fondling Chapel,
Vere the little children sings :
(Lor ! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things !)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it vas at four and twenty,
Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer :
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprised to see her.

Vich he vas a British Sailor,
For to judge him by his look :
Tarry jacket, canvass trowsies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

The Ballad of Eliza Davis.



Presently this Mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal—

The Ballad of Eliza Davis.

“ Pray,” saysee, “ Excuse my freedom,
You’re so like my Sister Sal !

“ You’re so like my Sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size ;
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers,
It brings tears into my heyes !

“ I’m a mate on board a wessel,
I’m a sailor bold and true ;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you !

“ What’s your name, my beauty, tell me ?”
And she faintly hangers, “ Lore,
Sir, my name’s Eliza Davis,
And I live at twenty-four.”

Hoftimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet :
And at tyenty-four was welcome,
Twenty-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her Master,
(Kinder they than Missuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant British Tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him,
(Vich vas all his artful plan),
And she told how Charley Thompson
Reely vas a good young man.

And how she herself had lived in
Many years of union sweet,
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
Valkin in the public street.

The Ballad of Eliza Davis.

And Eliza listen'd to them,
And she thought that soon their bands
Would be publish'd at the Fondlin,
Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers,
(Vieh her master let some rooms.)
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
Came on Sundry week to see her,
And he sent Eliza Davis
Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
Let his wile aecomplish him.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
This abandingd female goes,
Prigs their shirts and umberellas :
Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes.

Vile the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
Like a fiend in humming shape.

But a hi was fixt upon 'em
Vieh the raskles little sore :
Namely, Mr. Hide, the landlord
Of the house at twenty-four.

He vas valkin in his garden,
Just afore he vent to sup :

The Ballad of Eliza Davis.

And on looking up he sor the
Lodger's vinders lighted hup.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled ;
Something's going wrong, he said ;
And he caught the vicked voman
Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he call'd a brother Pleaseman,
Vich vas passing on his beat,
Like a true and galliant feller,
Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that Pleaseman, able-bodied,
Took this voman to the cell ;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
Boulted, like a miserant base,
Presently another Pleaseman
Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
Tuesday last came up for doom ;
By the beak they was committed.
Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
Simple gurl of twenty-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art,
(Vich most every gurl expex,)
Let her take a jolly pleaseman ;
Vich is name peraps is—X.



THE BEAUTY AND THE BEE.

CHARLES MACKAY.



FANNY, array'd in the bloom of her beauty,
 Stood at the mirror and toy'd with her hair.
 Viewing her charms, till she felt it a duty
 To own that like Fanny no woman was fair.
 A Bee from the garden—oh, what could mislead him?—
 Stray'd through the lattice new dainties to seek,
 And lighting on Fanny, too busy to heed him,
 Stung the sweet maid on her delicate cheek.

Smarting with pain, round the chamber she sought him.
 Tears in her eyes, and revenge in her heart,

The Beauty and the Bee.

And angrily cried, when at last she had caught him,

“ Die for the deed, little wretch that thou art ! ”

Stooping to crush him, the hapless offender

Pray'd her for merey,—to hear and forgive :

“ Oh, spare me ! ” he cried, “ by those eyes in their splendour :

Oh, pity my fault, and allow me to live !

“ Am I to blame that your cheeks are like roses,

Whose hues all the pride of the garden eclipse ?

Lilies are hid in your mouth when it closes,

And odours of Araby breathe from your lips.”

Sweet Fanny relented : “ 'Twere cruel to hurt you :

Small is the fault, pretty bee, you deplore ;

And e'en were it greater, forgiveness is virtue ;

Go forth and be happy—I blame you no more.”



THE ANNUITY.

GEORGE OUTRAM.



GAED to spend a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—
 For there I met a waesome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.

Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
 And,—I was sae left to mysel',—
 I sell't her an annuity.

The Annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
She just was turn'd o' sixty-three—
I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae tough,¹
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's² a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined³ awa' to bane an' skin.
But that it seems is nought to me.
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,⁴
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast⁵—
I thought a kink⁶ might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But Diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy—
It just cost me a tooth, forbye⁷
Discharging her annuity.

¹ Tough.

² Firm.

³ Shrunk.

⁴ Threads.

⁵ Cough.

⁶ Paroxysm.

⁷ Besides.

The Annuity.

If there's a sough⁸ o' cholera
Or typhus—wha sae gleg⁹ as she!
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof¹⁰
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be—
Nae Leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—She handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale—
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled¹¹ flesh and broken banes,
Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
She beats the taeds¹² that live in stanes,
An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole¹³ the atmosphere—
But her!—expose her onywhere—
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
I'd justify't—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
The timmer limmer daurs¹⁴ the knife
To settle her annuity.

⁸ Whisper.

⁹ Sharp.

¹⁰ Hand.

¹¹ Bruised.

¹² Toads.

¹³ Endure.

¹⁴ The wooden lussy dares.

The Annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But whar's the mark ?—

Her vital parts are hid frae me.

Her back-bane wanders through her sark

In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.

She's palsified—an' shakes her head

Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't—

It's past the power o' steel or lead

To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd ;—but go she'll not

Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—

Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat

O' sicean exiguity.

It's fitter far to hang the rope—

It draws out like a telescope—

'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop

To settle her annuity.

Will puzion¹⁵ do't ?—It has been tried.

But, be't in hash or fricassee,

That's just the dish she can't abide,

Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.

It's needless to assail her doubts—

She gangs by instinct,—like the brutes,—

An' only eats an' drinks what suits

Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man

Threescore and ten perchance may be.

She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can

Explain the incongruity.

She should hae lived afore the flood—

She's come o' Patriarchal blood—

She's some auld Pagan mummified

Alive for her annuity.

¹⁵ Poison.

The Annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out—
She's sauted to the last degree—
There's pickle in her very snout
Sae eaper-like an' cruelty,
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
They've Kyanized the useless knir¹⁶—
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
As this eternal jaud wears me.
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity.

¹⁶ Witch.



ASK AND HAVE.

SAMUEL LOVER.



H, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I ;

" Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

" For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent ;
She says girls in a hurry who marry,
At leisure repent."

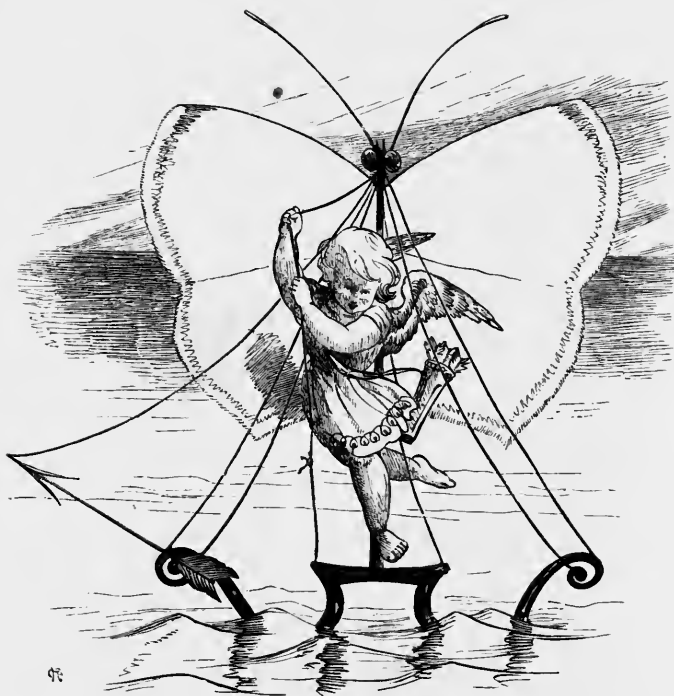
" Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I ;

" Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry :

Ask and Have.

“ For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father,” says Mary,
“ He'll surely say ‘ No.’ ”

“ Then how shall I get you, my jewel ?
Sweet Mary,” says I ;
“ If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die ! ”
“ Oh, never say die, dear,” says Mary ;
“ A way now to save you I see :
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*.”



A LYRIC FOR LOVERS.

W. H. WILLS.



LOVE launch'd a gallant little craft,
 Complete with every rope ;
 In golden words was painted aft,
 " The Cupid, Captain Hope."

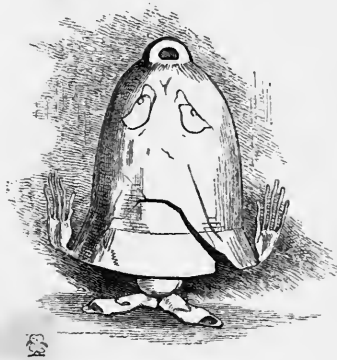
Pleasure was rated second mate,
 And Passion made to steer :
 The guns were handed o'er to Fate,
 To Impulse sailing gear.

A Lyric for Lovers.

Merrily roved the thoughtless crew
Amid the billows' strife ;
But soon a sail bore down : all knew
'Twas Captain Reason's " Life."
And Pleasure left, though Passion said
He'd guard her safe from all harms :
'Twas vain ; for Fate ramm'd home the lead,
While Love prepared the small arms.

A storm arose. The canvass now
Escaped from Impulse' hand,
While headstrong Passion dash'd the prow
Swift on a rocky strand.
" All's lost !" each trembling sailor cried ;
" Bid Captain Hope adieu !"
But, in his life-boat, Reason hied
To save the silly crew.

Impulse the torrents overwhelm,
But Pleasure 'scaped from wreck ;
Love, making Reason take the helm,
Chain'd Passion to the deck.
" I thought you were my foe ; but now,"
Said Love, " we'll sail together ;
Reason, henceforth through life shalt thou
My pilot be for ever !"



ODE TO BIG BEN.

W. H. WILLS. (FROM "PUNCH.")



BEN !

Ten

Times more deafening than old Tom of Lincoln :

Prodigious cone—

Big monotone—

Huge Upper Benjamin ! When I think on

How thy E natural—sonorous tonic,

Booming distinctly out, each clear harmonic,

Will wrap in sound all London, and, three million ears

Strike with one common chord,—it, in good sooth, appears

To me, O loud pedometer for the Grim Old Runner,

That *you are* a stunner.

Monstrous memento !

Has thy tongue been sent to

Memorialise " my Lords " from your tall steeple—

To tell the borers,

And tired-out snorers,

Who dream, forsooth, they represent the people,

Ode to Big Ben.

That Time, which they so waste in clubs and "pairs."

Is, in reality, the Public's, and not theirs?

Wilt thou, O giant *Captain Cuttle!*

When hourly "making a note on't," rouse the subtle

Barnacles to a sense of "how to do it?"

Or, if you can't, to a dread of how they'll rue it?

Tremendous Larum! If, at each great stroke

Of your enormous hammer,

Your trembling clamour

Purges the air of all the lies and smoke

That seethe and vibrate at thy base,

(And which for very shame

Will make thy clock, good dame,

For ever hold her hands before her face),

Then, O immense Percussion Cap! I need

Not say you'll prove a public benefit, indeed.



A SEASONABLE STORY.

MARK LEMON.



HERE is the man at twenty-eight
That never to himself hath said,
Whilst tumbling in his lonely bed,
“ All marriages are made by fate ! ”

At least with me the saw holds good,
Fate doom'd me unto bach'lorhood,
For Bella Brown is Mrs. More !
There never was a tidier body—
She should have borne the name I bore,

A Seasonable Story.

Mix'd every mixture that I swallow'd,
Whether 'twas gruel or gin-toddy,
For me perform'd all household duties,
Nursed each sweet babe my home that hallow'd,
And Mrs. More has four such beauties !

Bella as Bailey's " Eve " was fair,
Save that her face was slightly freckled ;
And, for her sake, with tenderest care,
I keep a bantam-hen that's speckled.
She had a dimple on her chin,
Where you must long to lay your finger ;
Her pouting rosy lips would win
A true St. Anthony to linger.
Her voice ! O could you hear her sing,
You'd think within her pretty throat
A nightingale had closed its wing,
And lent her every thrilling note !
Her nose was slightly pugg'd, her eyes
Were like twin stars of equal size ;
But why recount her beauties o'er,
She's not my wife—she's Mrs. More !

'Twas " on a raw and gusty day "
I placed myself and trunk in charge
Of Margate's Nelson, Captain Large ;
Just as the boat got under weigh
Bella (she was my Bella then !)
Bella was there, (ah, weep, my pen,
Thine inkiest tears !) for Margate bound,
" To get a blow," her mother said ;
But I—I got the blow instead,
As in the sequel 'twill be found.

The Pool was past, Gravesend, the Nore,
The sea was frothing up like yeast,

A Seasonable Story.

The wind was blowing Nor.-Nor.-East ;
I never felt so queer before.
My sight each moment grew more dim,
My head began around to swim,
My legs went any way they pleased,
As though the steamer's deck were greased ;
I strove to ery aloud, but no,
The words stuck in my throat, and so
I threw me madly on my trunk,
Like one (I blush to write it) drunk.

I knew not then—I know not now,
How long I lay in that distress,
Which mocks all other forms of woe ;
Which even love cannot make less—
Its memory even now doth harrow ;
But, when I woke to consciousness,
Myself and trunk were in a barrow,
Bump, bumping over Margate Jetty,
The while the rain in torrents fell.
At length I reach'd the Pier Hotel—
O, very cold and very wetty.

“ This way, sir, if you please.”—

I went,
Following my trunk, the boots, and maid.
“ Send me some brandy.”—

It was sent :
And, when I drank the aforesaid,
I drew a key from out my pocket,
I knelt down by that trunk of leather :
But vainly sought I to unlock it,—
The lock was damaged by the weather.
All shiveringly I rang the bell ;
The chamber-maid came in a minute.
I told my tale, she said, “ O well,
Sir, blow the key ; there's something in it.”

A Seasonable Story.

I blew—a note both loud and shrill
Replied !

“ There,” said the joker,
“ As you can’t open it, I will :
I’ll pick the lock, sir, with the poker.”

The deed was done, and she withdrew :
I doff’d my saturated clothes ;
I raised the lid,—what met my view
My blushing pen shall now disclose :—

A roomy gown of bombazine
Upon the top was laid,
A pair of boots of faded green.
Of shape call’d Adelaide.
“ What have they done ?” I cried aloud :
“ This trunk it is not mine :
For everything within it stow’d,
By Gemini ! is feminine.”

’Twas so—the trunk was not mine own ;
O, what was I to do ?
I could not stand there cold as stone,
Nor go to bed, could you ?
There was no choice, but Hobson’s choice,—
Nothing to pause between ;
I, listening to compulsion’s voice,
Put on the bombazine.

I had not sat scarce half an hour,
When upstairs came the maid :
Rapping my door with wondrous power,
Thus screamingly she said :—
“ Here is Miss Brown and her mam-mar,
Which wishes, sir, to know
If you will go to Ran-nel-ar ?
Send word, sir, Yes or No !”

A Seasonable Story.

Here was a fix ! I was not fit
By Bella to be seen.
Go down ? I couldn't think of it,
Dress'd out in bombazine ;
I answer'd, " No !"

* * * * *
* * * * *

That fatal word I still deplore,
It stung my Bella's pride.
That night she met with Mr. More ;
Next week she was his bride.
My heart is breaking ! soon my bed
Will be in churchyard green ;
And, should my ghost walk, cruel maid,
'Twill walk in bombazine.





ADDITIONAL NOTES.

PAGE 1.



THE Miller of Trompington is so much of the Reeves' contribution to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" as can be ventured in a modern reprint; but presents, nevertheless, a complete little story. The line,

"His name was hoten Denious Simekin, (called 'Disdainful Simekin')"

gives us to understand that the Miller's accomplishments, mentioned in an earlier passage, made their owner intolerant of his less gifted neighbours, and leads us to the origin of a not uncommon surname, much in favour with comic writers of a later date. Simpkin appears to be a slight transmutation of Simekin, or sometimes Simkin, which is a diminutive of Simon.

Soler Hall was one of the lodging-houses of Cambridge University, in which the students lived before they were incorporated. This hall had an open gallery, called a Soler, where the rays of Sol could be enjoyed. Some of the halls and colleges retain the names then existing. Oriel College, at Oxford, for example, replaces a large messuage called, in Chaucer's day, L'Oriele, or the Hall with the Porch.

PAGE 7.

Poor and Sure. A quaint version of "The City and the Country Mouse," frequently versified by the writers of fables, from Æsop downwards.

PAGE 10.

The Old and Young Courtier. The authorship of this admirable comparison of the merry and bountiful life under Elizabeth, with the coarser and gloomier manners in vogue under the Stuarts, is unknown. The text is that of Dr. Percy, who collated and corrected a black-letter copy of the song in the Pepys' collection, by means of another copy in a miscellany of poems and songs, published in 1660, called "*Le Prince d'Amour.*"

PAGE 14.

The Duke and the Tinker is one of the "Ballads that Illustrate Shakespeare" in Dr. Percy's "Relics," originally derived from the Pepys' collection. The story on which both it, and the introduction to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" were founded, is thus related in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy:"—"The Duke of Burgundy, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a cuntry fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and perswade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long; after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures; but late at night, when he was well tipleed, and again faste asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself; all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it, and would not otherwise be perswaded, and so the jest ended."

Additional Notes.

PAGE 20.

Jolly Good Ale and Old. This song opens the second act of the quaint comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle;" the author of which, deigning only to give his initials, has remained unknown. The title-page of the first edition of the play (1575) states it to have been "made by Mr. S., master of art," and to have been first performed at Christ Church College, Oxford. From an entry in the Bursar's books of that college, under the year 1560, it has been inferred, but not conclusively, that the author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" was Bishop Still.

PAGE 55.

Good Wine a Gentleman. Francisco Redi, the author of this trifle, was a learned court physician, under Prince Leopold and Cosmo the Third, Dukes of Tuscany. As a poet he appears to have prescribed wine to his readers quite as copiously as Dr. Sangrado prescribed water to his patients. Nearly all his verses are bacchanalian; yet, true to the traditions of his profession, he took his own prescriptions very moderately; never himself drinking wine without diluting it. Temperance, however, did not preserve him beyond the age of 68, and in March, 1694, he was found dead in his bed. His most famous poem is "Bacco in Toscana"—from which the present piece is an extract—and has been well translated by Leigh Hunt.

PAGE 58.

Saint Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes. Ulrich Megerle, a bare-footed Augustine friar of the seventeenth century adopted the affectation about names then in fashion, and called himself Abraham à Sancta Clara. He was a preacher of the dramatic and picturesque order, enlivening his pulpit scenes with such bursts of humour as are found attractive even in the present day. The poem here quoted is from Megerle's "Judas, the Arch Rogue," and was translated by an anonymous writer in "The Knickerbocker Magazine."

PAGE 61.

A Journey to Exeter. This journey was described in an Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, printed in the second volume of the trade edition of Gay's Works, dated 1767. Mr. Gay, adopting the quickest route practicable in his time, took, to reach Exeter from London, six days. It may be out of place to quote, in contrast, a modern authority, who is neither a poet, a wit, nor a humourist; but Mr. Bradshaw shows, in his "Railway Guide," that the same distance is now darted over several times daily in less than six hours.

PAGE 67.

Bad Authors. A portion of the prologue to Pope's Satires. "Good John," peremptorily ordered to tie up the knocker, was John Searle, Pope's footman; to whom he left a legacy. The prologue, written in the form of an epistle, was inscribed to Dr. Arbuthnot, whom Pope addresses as "the friend of my life."

PAGE 88.

A Lady's Diary forms part of "The Journal of a Modern Lady," published in Swift's "Miscellanies."

PAGE 127.

The Ass and the Flute. Tomas De Yriarte owes his literary fame chiefly to a poem entitled "Musica," and to the "Fabulas Literarias," of which the "Ass and the Flute" is one. He fell under the censure of the Inquisition at Madrid, on a charge of inculcating infidel principles, and was obliged to perform a secret penance to obtain absolution. He died in 1791. Mr. Thomas Roscoe translated this fable into English.

Additional Notes.

PAGE 145.

Monsieur Tonson. Before this Recitation grew into the Monologue, Monsieur Tonson was for many years the favourite entertainment at every spouting-club and school breaking-up. Its authorship was attributed to John Taylor, who commenced life as an oculist, continued it as a theatrical prologue and epilogue writer, and ended it as editor of the "Sun Newspaper." That he wrote "Monsieur Tonson" is very doubtful; but no doubt seems to be entertained as to the hero of the poem. Tom King was a distinguished scholar at Eton in the days of Addison and Steele, matriculated at King's College, Oxford, ran through his patrimony and then ran away to London, in apprehension of losing his fellowship. He set up a coffee-house in Covent Garden—if the shed beneath the portico of St. Paul's Church in Hogarth's print of "Morning," where Tom King's coffee-house is represented, deserves to be called a house of any kind. He was the father of Gentleman King the comedian, Garrick's contemporary. "A gentleman told me," says Genest, in his "History of the Stage," "that King's father kept a coffee-house, and that King, when a boy, had often brought him a dish of coffee." King the elder was for years a kind of professional joker, practical and verbal.

PAGE 173.

The Devil's Walk. In 1830 a sharp controversy was raised about the authorship of this *jeu d'esprit*. Mr. Coleridge had owned to having partly divulged in rhyme "The Devil's Thoughts;" but "The Devil's Walk" was peremptorily claimed for Mr. Southey. Although Mr. R. C. Porson vainly assured the editor of "The Morning Post" that he possessed the identical MS. copy of verses written by his uncle during an evening party, the fashionable oracle insisted that the idea had seized Mr. Southey one morning while shaving, and that he had thrown off the lines ("Poem they can scarcely be called!" pronounced the Della-Cruscan critic) before breakfast. The editor of Southey's collected Works also thinks the following bantering lines, added by Southey to answer a friend who had urged him to put the question beyond doubt, to be conclusive:—

"And whoever shall say that to Porson
These best of all verses belong,
He is an untruth-telling whoreson,
And so shall be call'd in the song.

And if seeking an illicit connection with fame,
Any one else should put in a claim,
In this comical competition;
That excellent poem will prove
A man-trap for such foolish ambition.
Where the silly rogue shall be caught by the leg.
And exposed in a second edition."

The great probability of Professor Porson having originated the trifle, and of its having been amplified by the poets for whom it was afterwards claimed, wholly escaped these critics. There is, however, a little book, illustrated by R. Cruikshank, entitled, "The Devil's Walk, a Poem by Professor Porson, with additions and variations by Southey and Coleridge," the editor of which appears to have taken a common-sense view of this great literary question.

PAGE 194.

Malbroock. This burlesque lament on the death of the Duke of Marlborough was written on a false rumour of that event after the battle of Malplaquet. For years it was only known traditionally, and does not appear among the innumerable anecdotic songs printed in France during the middle of the last century. But, all of a sudden, in 1781, it burst out afresh and became the rage. It happened that, when Maria Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir, he was nursed by a peasant nicknamed Madame Poirine. The nurse, while rocking the royal cradle, sung Malbroock, and the dauphin, it is said, opened its eyes at the name of the great general. The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burthen, and the melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it.

Additional Notes.

Everybody repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words, *Malborough s'en va-t-en guerre*. Malbroock was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables—it became quite the rage. From the court it was adopted by the tradespeople of Paris, and passed thence from town to town, and country to country: it was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as popular as in France. It is said that a French gentleman wishing, when in London, to be driven to Marlborough Street, had totally forgotten its name; but, on singing the air of Malbroock, the coachman drove him to the proper address with no other direction. Goëthe, who travelled in France about the same time, was so teased with the universal concert of Malborough, that he took a hatred to the duke, who was the innocent cause of the musical epidemic.

Malbroock made itself heard, without ceasing, apropos of everything, and apropos of nothing; it gave its name to the fashions, to silks, head-dresses, carriages, and soups. The subject of the song was painted on fire-screens, on fans, and on china; it was embroidered on tapestries, engraven on toys and keepsakes—was reproduced in all manner of ways and forms. The rage for Malbroock endured for many years, and nothing short of the Revolution, the fall of the Bastille, and the Marselloise hymn, could smother the sounds of that never-ceasing song.

PAGE 218.

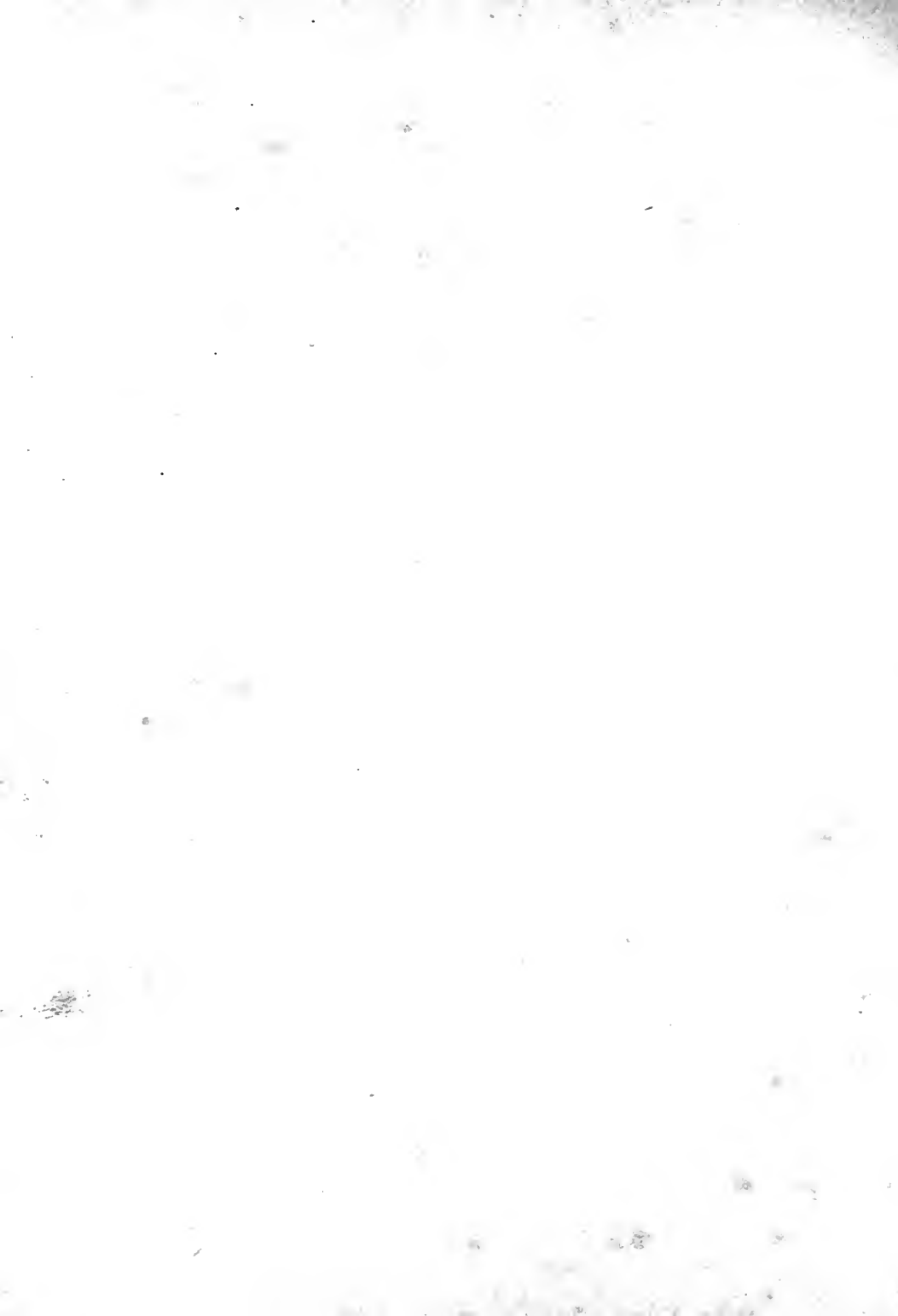
The Country House Party. This passage is selected from the thirteenth canto of "Don Juan."

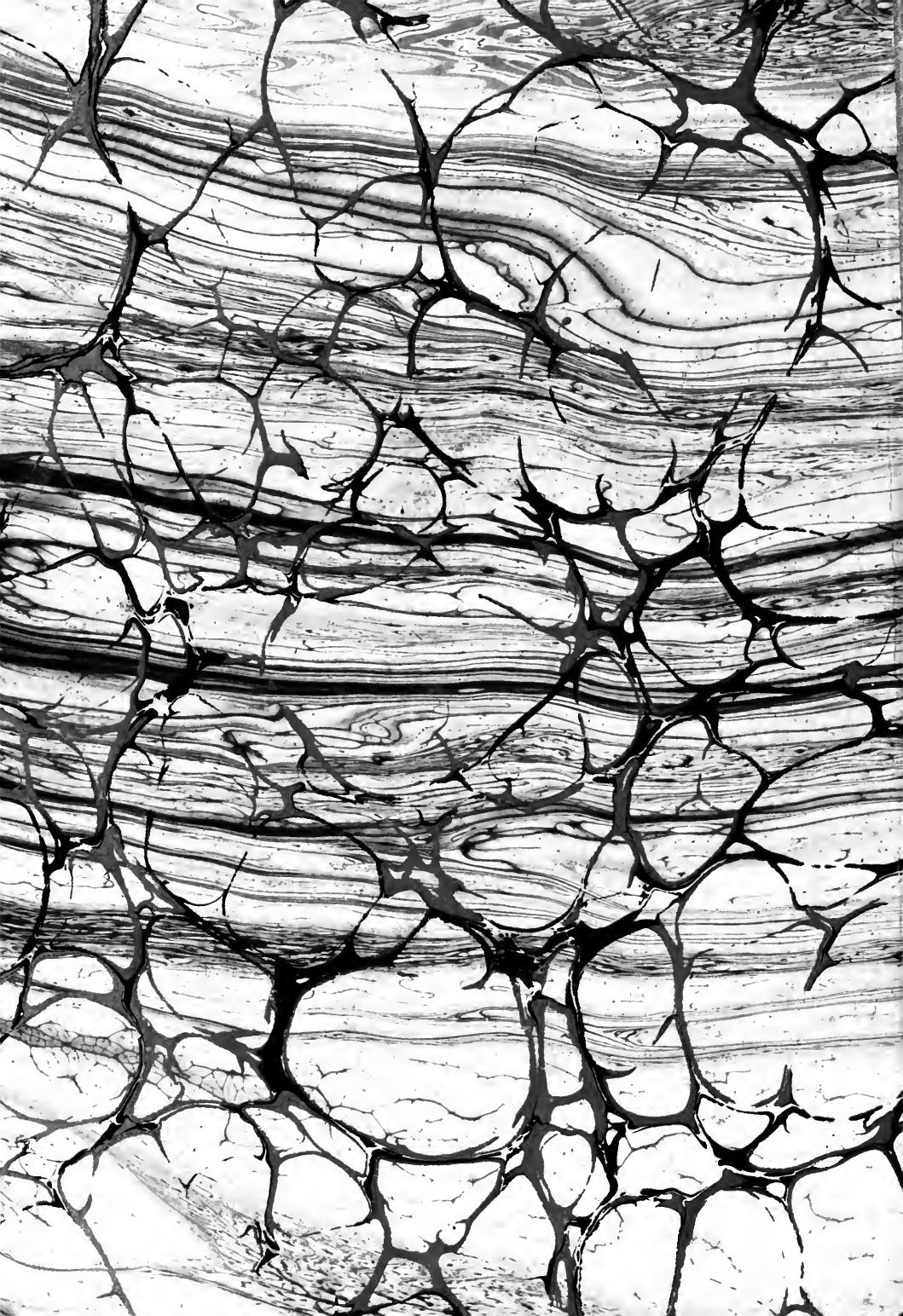
PAGES 248, 261, AND 274.

Sir Wilkins et sa Dinah, The Beauty and the Bee, and A Seasonable Story, have never before been printed.

PAGE 263.

The Annuity. The little work from which "The Annuity" has been selected was printed, for private distribution only, by the late Mr. George Outram. It bears the unpromising title of "Legal Lyrics, and Metrical Illustrations of the Scottish Forms of Process;" but abounds in keen wit and rich humour, which force themselves on the appreciation even of readers whose misfortune it is to be born south of the Tweed, and to be unacquainted with the exquisitely simple forms and phrases of Scottish Law.





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